SPACED-OUT ILLUSTRATED FANTASY

CASM

02787
APR. 1978
$1.95

SPECIAL SUPER CORBEN ISSUE

16 PAGES IN GLOSSY COLOR

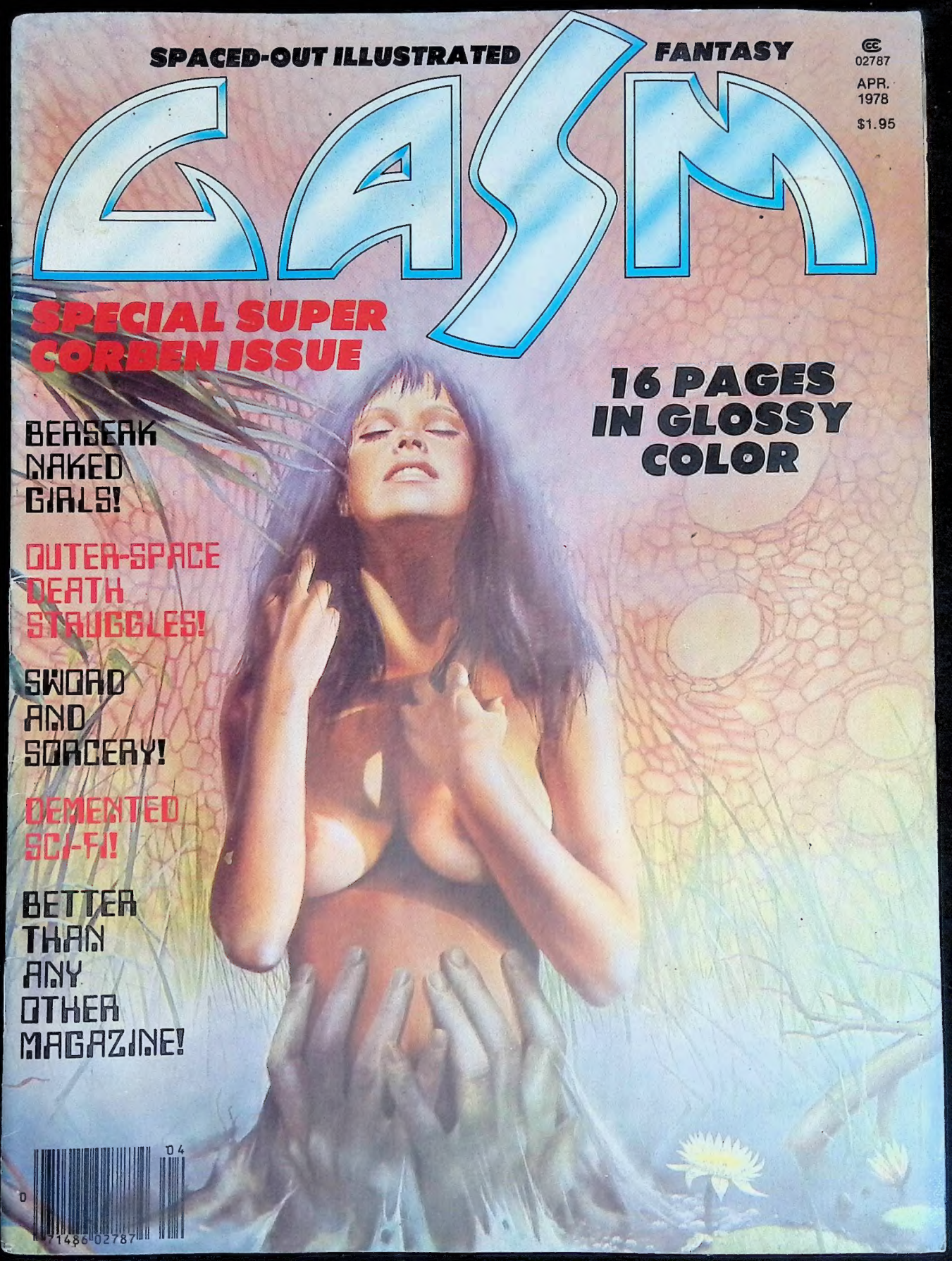
BERSERK NAKED GIRLS!

OUTER-SPACE DEATH STRUGGLES!

SWORD AND SORCERY!

DEMENTED SCI-FI!

BETTER THAN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE!



0 71486 02787 04

STAR WARS NEWS

HOT OFF THE PRESSES! These Fabulous *OFFICIAL NEW* STAR WARS items are waiting for you!

S.W. BLUEPRINTS—15 detailed sheets of the sets, ships & more! $7.50
S.W. PORTFOLIO—*Full color* giant folio prints of 20 McQuarrie paintings $8.50
S.W. SKETCHBOOK—All the original production drawings. 96 pgs, $5.50
S.W. ALBUM—color photos, behind the scenes facts and more $7.50
S.W. MUSIC BOOK—John Williams' score and lots of photos. A true collector's item. $7.50

STAR WARS FILMS

Now available are 200 foot feels of color/sound or black and white super 8MM film including two complete scenes of STAR WARS most breathtaking special effects: Kenobi discovers the Princess' taped message and introduces Luke to the light sabre and the escape from the Death Star followed by the spectacular turretgun battle with four TIE fighters. Perfect quality and definition. Running time approximately nine minutes. Each COLOR/SOUND REEL . . . $31.00. Each BLACK AND WHITE REEL . . . $9.50

STAR WARS MASKS

Authorized by 20th Century Fox are these beautifully cast full coverage masks and helmets. Each is completely handfinished and are accurately reproduced from the originals. Chewbacca is rubber with realistic hair. Stormtrooper, C3PO, and Darth Vader are molded in hard metallic looking plastic. Each C3PO, CHEWBACCA, STORMTROOPER, OR DARTH VADER MASK . . . $41.95

MASKS DUE FOR RELEASE DEC. '77 RESERVE YOURS NOW!

STAR TREK LIVES!

SLIDE SETS

COLOR CLARITY AND PERFECT REPRODUCTION DESCRIBE EACH OF THESE FOUR DIFFERENT SETS OF 35MM FULL FRAME MOUNTED SLIDES. EACH SET CONTAINS 50 POPULAR SUBJECTS INCLUDING KIRK, SPOCK, THE CREW, THE ENTERPRISE, GUEST STARS, ALIENS, ALIEN SPACECRAFT, ACTION, AND SPECIAL EFFECT. EVERY SLIDE HAS BEEN CAREFULLY CHOSEN AND COVER ALL THREE SEASONS, AND A SPECIAL PRICE IS OFFERED FOR ALL FOUR SETS OF 200 SLIDES. EACH SET, #1, #2, #3 OR #4 . . . $15.50. ALL FOUR SETS (200 SLIDES) . . . $52.00

HAND PHASER REPLICA

This Type 1 phaser replica is handcrafted from the most exact specifications combining study of an actual hand phaser used on the show and the Technical Manual specs. These units come completely assembled, painted and detailed, overall length about four inches. They are not hollow shells but are solid, weighted one-piece replicas that contain no moving parts. Price each . . . $16.95

SPACE STATION K-7 BLUEPRINTS

Walk the corridors of Space Station K-7 as seen on the classic episode "The Trouble With Tribbles." Every one of the station's fourty-four decks, hanger bays and facilities are exposed and labeled for hours of detailed study and enjoyment. Included is a full listing of K-7's staff and crewmembers. Top, bottom, side and interior viewpoints are printed on four 18 x 24 inch sheets. Price each . . . $4.50

KLINGON BATTLE CRUISER BLUEPRINTS

This giant 24 x 36 inch blueprint depicts every angle of the awesome Kahless (D-7) class battle cruiser — front, side, and top viewpoints with a detailed schematic of the ship's interior. Plus a close-up cross-section of the bridge/command section. Also you get a complete directory to the names and insignia carried by each of the 12 different cruisers of the Klingon Empire. Price each . . . $2.50

ORDER BLANK

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN OR CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

ALL PRICES INCLUDE SHIPPING COSTS. SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

STAR FLEET PRODUCTIONS INC.
82 PIERREPONT STREET SUITE 5D
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11201 GM101

PLEASE PRINT NAME OF EACH ITEM BELOW	HOW MANY	PRICE
	SUBTOTAL	
	N.Y. RESIDENTS ADD 8 PERCENT SALES TAX	
	TOTAL ENCLOSED	

MYRON FASS
Publisher

JEFFREY GOODMAN:
EDITOR IN CHIEF

IRVING FASS
Associate Publisher

CONTENTS PAGE: GASM

The Buy 5

Don Lomax is well known for his work in plenty of national magazines, often dealing with the severe discipline of naughty young ladies.

Gasm 11

You've seen Mark Wheatley here before, and he just keeps getting better each time. Maybe you didn't know he designed our logo, and is a hopeless alcoholic.

Incident on Planetoid 7 19

Jim O'Barr, or 'Zen,' as he calls himself, is a relatively new and young artist who you'll probably be seeing more of. Although somewhat crude, his work has high energy, and I think ought to be included here. Besides, in five years, you'll all be dyeing your hair orange and wearing safety pins through your nose. Don't laugh, you'll see I'm right.

Twilight of the Dogs 32

Richard Corben needs no introduction. His Twilight of the Dogs is a classic, and I had to go to Spain to get permission to use it. No fooling. Why do these guys get agents in Spain?

The Long Goodbye 35

Gene Day is one of my favorite artists. His great style and unique historical sense of things make his work slick and entertaining. Bogie fans'll love this one.

Horrible Harvey's House 48

Another brilliant Corben classic, colored in by one of our in-house attempters. You'll see why only eight pages are in color as you read the editorial. If you don't read it, you'll probably write a letter, so don't read it. Read the story, though, and thanks, Richard, for this swell piece.

Passions 66

John Workman, one of our alumni, is now a big honcho over at **Heavy Metal**. At the risk of being fired, and notwithstanding a severe beating from his boss, he straggled in with this bloodstained two-pager. Here it is, and good luck, John.

COVER: JIM BURNS

VOL. I

NO. 4

[illegible] is published by Stories, Layout & Press, Inc., editorial offices at 257 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10010. Submission of manuscripts, illustrations and/or photographs must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright © 1978 by Stories, Layout & Press, Inc. All rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions. Individual copy price. $1.50. Printed in U.S.A.

GASM EDITORIAL

Hello, dear readers, and welcome to the wonderful world of **GASM**. For a few minutes, you can put away your worries and pick up this latest offering of creative torpor. Einstein said that man's greatest fear is the fear of becoming insane, and don't I know it.

Now, some explaining to do. I know that last month's issue was screwed up colorwise. Well, so what. For those who don't know, all printers have the intelligence of three-year-olds, and when you forget to take that into consideration in your instructions to them, massive fuck-ups are the inevitable results. Hence, several of the stories were out of place. Now, another printing lesson. The glossy [color] pages we pay for are very expensive. They come in signatures of eight or 16 pages. Hence, two color sections of eight pages each. To add more would mean budgeting ourselves out of existence. So, in order to make a happy compromise, we had to start Richard Corben's story in black and white and end it in color. Maybe a little unartistic, but unfortunately necessary. I think you'll enjoy it anyway.

I really like this issue, and I hope you will, too. So tell your friends about **GASM**, and write lots of letters, and girls send me your photos and measurements, and you'll all get answers.

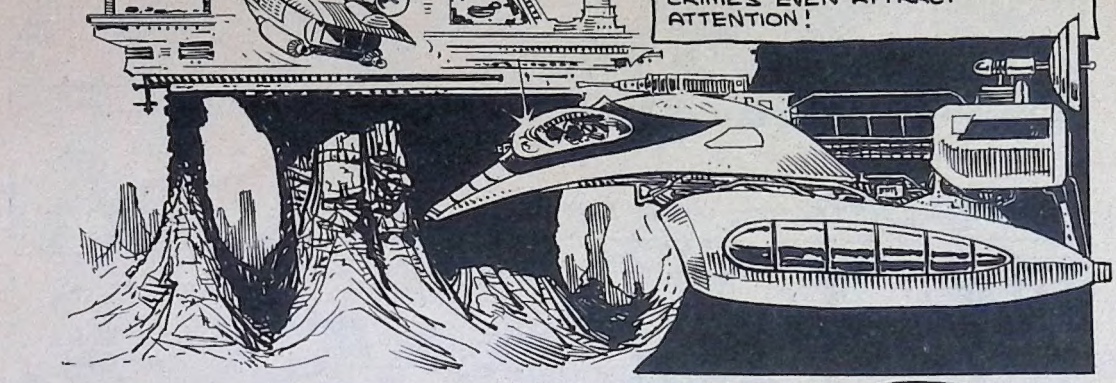
From the publishing headquarters of North America, this is, signing off...
Jeff Goodman
Editor in Chief
GASM
257 Park Ave. South 12th floor
NYC, NY 10010

EDITORIAL STAFF

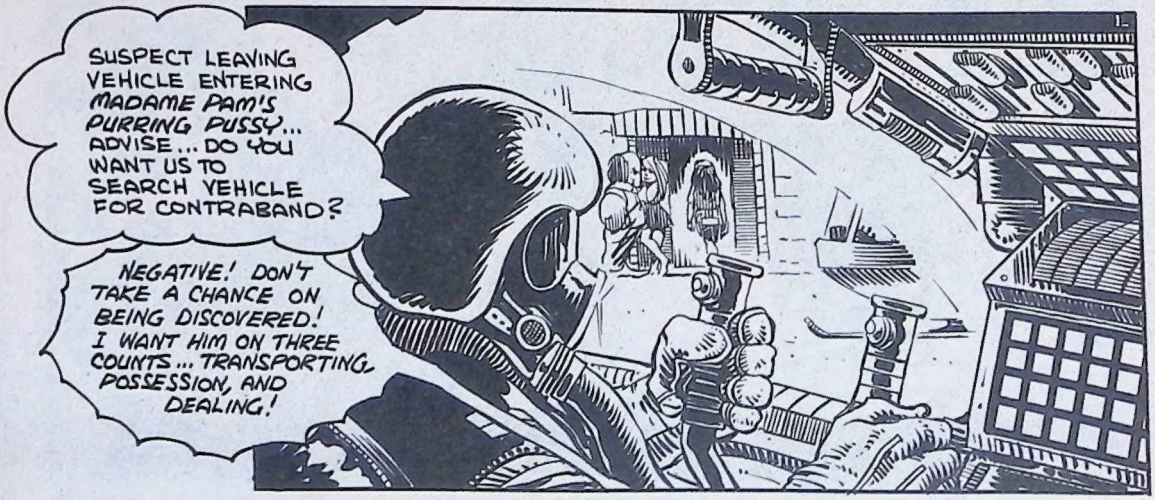
THE BUY

Story & Art JOMAX

STATION 4X-219: WITHOUT A DOUBT THE MOST LAWLESS, DEGENERATED CESSPOOL IN THE GALAXY! A CLASS "E" OUTPOST LOCATED IN THE *JOLAG* SECTOR OF THE *TRI-MILO SYSTEM* IT ENTERTAINS THE REPUTATION OF BEING A HAVEN FOR EVERY PERVERTED PLEASURE SEEKER, CUT-THROAT, AND ROGUE VOMITTED FROM THE MORE RESPECTABLE SECTORS OF SPACE... DRUGS, GAMBLING, PROSTITUTION, VIOLENCE, AND MURDER ARE AN ACCEPTED WAY OF LIFE AND ONLY THE MOST HEINOUS CRIMES EVEN ATTRACT ATTENTION!



SUSPECT ENTERING THE LOWER TRAFFIC FLOW LEVEL 7, B-QUADRANT, WE ARE LAYING BACK TO AVOID SUSPICION! THE HOMER WE INSTALLED ON *SHINOL* IS STILL GIVING OFF A SATISFACTORY SIGNAL TO PINPOINT HIS DESTINATION
ROGER, CD-9... KEEP HIM ON SCOPE AND ADVISE ANY CONTACTS HE MAKES!


SUSPECT LEAVING VEHICLE ENTERING *MADAME PAM'S PURRING PUSSY*... ADVISE... DO YOU WANT US TO SEARCH VEHICLE FOR CONTRABAND?
NEGATIVE! DON'T TAKE A CHANCE ON BEING DISCOVERED! I WANT HIM ON THREE COUNTS... TRANSPORTING, POSSESSION, AND DEALING!

HEY, REAMER...WHERE YOU BEEN? WE MISSED YOU!
OH...YOU KNOW, OUT AND AROUND...CHARLEEN UPSTAIRS? I'VE GOT A HELL-OF-A-CRAVING FOR HER SWEET, TENDER BODY!
SURE LOVER, I DON'T THINK ANYONE'S WITH HER...SHE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU!
IF A HUMANOID COMES IN LOOKING FOR ME SEND HIM UP!

WHILE IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE STATION...

ROSCO? YOU LEAVING?
YAH...I DIDN'T MEAN TO WAKE YOU, I GOT SOME THINGS TO TAKE CARE OF!
YOU'LL BE BACK, WON'T YOU?
SURE BABE... YOU'RE A HABIT THAT'S HARD TO BREAK!

YOU'RE NOT GOING THROUGH WITH IT ARE YOU? YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU GET CAUGHT MAX ENFORCERS ARE AUTHORIZED TO NEUTRALIZE YOU ON THE SPOT!
I'VE HEARD ABOUT IT ... I'VE DREAMT ABOUT IT FOR YEARS! I'VE GOT TO TRY IT!
YOU'D THROW AWAY YOUR ENTIRE LIFE FOR A FEW LOUSY HOURS BEING JUNKED UP! YOU KNOW SOLIDS HAVE BEEN AGAINST THE LAW FOR OVER TWO CENTURIES! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THAT STUFF... WHAT IT'S SUPPOSE TO DO TO YOUR BODY!
PLEASE, ROSCO... IF YOU MUST EXPERIMENT WITH THAT STUFF BE CAREFUL... IF YOU GET CAUGHT IT'LL BE YOUR ASS!
DON'T WORRY, BABE, I WON'T GET CAUGHT... I'M GONNA COME STRAIGHT BACK HERE... I WANNA SHARE IT WITH YOU... IT'LL BE BEAUTIFUL, YOU'LL SEE!
OH GOD, ROSCO... I HOPE IT'S WORTH IT!
A...EXCUSE ME... I WAS TOLD TO ASK FOR A MR. REAMER...
OH YES, YOU MUST BE THE HUMANOID REAMER'S EXPECTING! GO RIGHT UP... B-27!

RING
YES?
A... IS MR. REAMER HERE?
WHO'S CALLING?
ROSCO TINSON!
YAH TINSON... COME ON IN!
A, DO YOU... I MEAN IS IT O.K. TO SPEAK IN FRONT OF...
CHARLEEN? YAH SHE'S O.K.... AS A MATTER OF FACT SHE'S ONE OF MY BEST CUSTOMERS!
REALLY? YOU'VE TRIED IT... I MEAN...
YES... REGULARLY... AND I MIGHT ADD REAMER ONLY DEALS IN THE BEST MERCHANDISE!
YAH... AND MIGHT I ADD CHARLEEN ONLY DEALS IN THE BEST MERCHANDISE ...D'JA EVER SEE SUCH JUGS ON A SOW IN YOUR LIFE?

A...YES, QUITE LOVELY...
BUT ENOUGH OF THAT...YOU DIDN'T COME HERE FOR A PIECE OF ASS, DID YOU? HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE AFTER ...AND LIKE CHARLEEN SAYS IT'S THE BEST ...TOP QUALITY...STRAIGHT FROM THE ROTAG FARM PLANET NO.3... THEIR AIN'T NO BETTER SHIT THIS SIDE OF THE GALAXY!
HOW MUCH?
COOKED RIGHT, THIS SHIT CAN SEND YOU ON A TRIP LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE!
YOU CAN CUT THE SALES PITCH! HOW MUCH!
15 CREDITS PER OZ.
DAMN!
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT! I'VE GOT A HUNDRED PLACES I CAN SELL IT!
ALRIGHT...I ONLY HAVE 150 CREDITS ON ME... WILL 10 OZ. BE ENOUGH TO GIVE ME THE FULL EFFECT?
MORE THAN ENOUGH...
OPEN UP! MAX DEMANDS!
MY GOD, REAMER... ENFORCERS!
STAY DOWN!
POW

(Continued on page 28)

THEY HAD BEEN LORDS OF THE SKY. NOW THEY WERE REDUCED TO FOLLOWING THE INDUSTATIONS, HOPING FOR BUGS AND WORMS IN THE VIOLATED EARTH
THE SCAB TRACED A DARK LINE INTO THE DISTANCE WHERE IT WAS CROSSED BY ANOTHER AND I HAD NO DOUBT THAT BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS THE WORLD LOOKED MUCH AS IF GIANTS HAD BEEN PLAYING TIC-TAC-TOE UPON ITS SURFACE.
GASM, PETE KINE AND ME KNEW THIS — WE WERE HERE TO ALLOW VIRGIL NORSE TO OBSERVE THE RAVAGING FIRST HAND.
THIS WORLD WAS HIS CREATION, AND THE SKY, I SUSPECT, DARKENED WITH HIS OWN SAVAGE FURY. THE AIR WAS BECOMING HEAVILY LADEN WITH THE MOISTURE HINT OF A COMING STORM WHEN NORSE SPOKE:
"I WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE INTERIOR OF THIS, ER, 'INDUSTATION' BEFORE WE PLAN ANY ATTACK."
Mark Wheatley
CHAPTER 4

"BUT THE TREES ARE ALL TRAPPED IN LITTLE BOXES."
"THAT IS BECAUSE THE TREES—MUCH LIKE OURSELVES—ARE INTRUDERS HERE, GASM."
"..... SHOW YOU AROUND! DAMN IT! VERGE! I WISH YOU'D GIVE US SOME WARNING BEFORE YOU DO THAT!" PETE WAS LIVID BECAUSE OF NORSE'S USE OF HIS TALENT OF TELEPORTATION. HELL— I WAS A BIT SHOOK UP MYSELF!
"OKAY BERT."
"GOOD LUCK BERT. WE'LL MEET IN TWELVE HOURS BY THOSE STAIRS."
NORSE IGNORED PETE AND LOOKED ABOUT, "I'M SURPRISED. IT HAS A CERTAIN BEAUTY. HOW COULD SUCH MEN DESTROY BEAUTY ELSEWHERE?"
huummm
"MEN'S WAYS ARE EXCEEDED ONLY BY THEIR TEEMING NUMBERS," I SAID. "YOU CAN'T GENERALIZE ABOUT A RACE THAT COVERS THE KNOWN UNIVERSE."
"YOU THINK GASM WILL BE ALRIGHT?"
"YOU'VE SEEN HER TAKE OUT TWO ROBOTS BY HERSELF. WHAT DO YOU THINK?"
"YEAH."
BUT WE NEVER SAID IT. PERHAPS IF WE HAD IT WOULDN'T HAVE BECOME ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS IN MY LIFE THAT I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO RELIVE TO MY SATISFACTION

"WHY ARE THESE PEOPLE STARING AT ME, BERT?"
"BECAUSE OF YOUR BEAUTY, MY DEAR."
IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ON AN INDUSTATION THEN YOU MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED GASM TO LOOK OUT OF PLACE BUT THE CHILD WAS LOST AMOUNG THE WIDE ASSORTMENT OF EXOTIC CREATURES. IN FACT GASM WAS SOON WATCHING OTHERS WITH THE FACINATION EARLIER AFFORDED TO HERSELF. I WAS HAPPY TO LET HER GAWK—YET I HAD A GOAL OTHER THAN SIGHT-SEEING IN MIND.
ONCE, WHILE STILL HUMAN, I HAD KNOWN A GIRL. A PROFESIONAL GIRL YOU MIGHT SAY. AND NOW I WAS AWARE THAT SHE WAS WORKING ON THIS INDUSTATION. SO GRADUALLY WE WORKED OUR WAY TO THE SEEMIER SIDE OF "TOWN" TO SPAGER'S WAY WHERE WE FOUND MARLINE.
"SHE IS BEAUTIFUL, BERT." I DIDN'T ANSWER BUT I SILENTLY AGREED.
"SHE'S THE BROWN HUMANOID TALKING WITH BIG BLUE, THERE."
YOU MAKE IT WITH HORSES"
"HELLO MARLINE" I SAID, "BEEN QUITE AWHILE. CAN WE TALK?"
"SHE'S TALKING TO ME BUT, HER NIGHT HAS BEEN PLANNED AND YOU'RE NOT A PART OF IT. SO LIFT OFF."
"YEAH—YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT KIND OF PARTS ANYWAY." DIDN'T SHE THINK I KNEW THAT?
"YOU'VE GOT ME CONFUSED WITH AN OLD RUSSIAN QUEEN, BLUE BOY."
"HUMPH, WELL THEN, SO DOES THE LITTLE FILLY BEHIND YOU."

SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR BEINFORCE? CAN'T HARE HOW 'BOUT A SHOVE IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION?"
I HAD OTHER IDEAS
DWAP!
DISCOVERY TIME! BLUE BOY HAD A GLASS JAW.
"HEY YOU TWERP! WHAT'S THE IDEA?"
"I'D LIKE TO TALK, MARLINE—AT YOUR PLACE."
"OKAY—I GUESS. HE'D ALREADY PAID AND BESIDES—HEH—I DON'T KNOW IF HE'D OF FIT." MARLINE'S A TIGHT BITCH—SHE WAS PROBABLY RIGHT.
I SENT CACH TO FIND PETE AND NORSE WHILE MARLINE AND I RETIRED TO HER PAD I CAN TELL YOU— SOMETIMES IT'S NOT EASY BEING A BERT. THERE ARE TIMES WHEN IT WOULD BE WORTH ANYTHING TO BE A MAN AGAIN.
THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE TIMES.
"SO THIS IS WHAT'S LEFT OF MY OLD FRIEND. CAN HILL SEEMS EVERY TIME WE MEET THERE'S LESS OF YOU TO SEE. YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL NOW—THAT YOU DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD—HEH. SO HOW DID YOU GET THIS WAY?"
I EXPLAINED
ABOUT THE EXPLOSION. THE FIRE. THE [illegible] CRUSHING [illegible] BURNING [illegible] WAS ALREADY A CYBORG WHEN IT HAPPENED. BUT AT LEAST—THEN I WAS STILL A MAN.

MARLINE
HERB
"I HAVE AN OFFER, BERT— MR. SAM HILL. YOU GIVE ME PETE KINE, I GIVE YOU LIFE— IN YOUR OWN BOD..."
I'D SPENT THE LAST 50 SOLAR YEARS IN A PETE KINE RECORDING-TEK UNIVERSE
LIFE
A DREAM I'D NOT DARE TO ENTERTAIN
"ALL WE NEED DO IS TRANSFER YOUR BRAIN WAVES TO THIS DRAWING BODY AND IT'S DONE!"
"A NEW YOU..."
TO MY CREDIT—I REFUSED. BUT WHEN HERB OFFERED TO LET ME TRY IT ON FOR SIZE— NO OBLIGATION—I RELENTED. LIFE, HOWEVER BRIEF, WAS JUST TOO TEMPTING. BESIDES, I WASN'T COMMITING MYSELF.
SO THAT'S HOW I CAME TO BE PLUGGED INTO THE MACHINERY. AND SLOWLY—I FELT MY BEING DRIFT INTO A NEW CONCIOUSNESS....

MY FLESH—AGAINST HERS. PURE LUST. SENSES OVERJOYED BY SUBTLE TEMPERATURE CHANGES. FLASHES OF LIGHT—SMELL OF WINE—TASTE OF SKIN—LIPS LUSCIOUSLY OFFERED AND WARM KISSES PROCURED. POWER IN MUSCLE. STRENGTH THAT COULD FEEL THE YEILDING SENSUAL BODY WITHIN MY ARMS.

TASTE OF BLOODY MEAT DOWNED WITH DRINK—STRONG AND HEADY. A BREAST THAT DID NOT FLINCH FROM COLD METAL—AND MY CHEEK—ABLE TO FEEL HER SOFTNESS.

THIGHS—HOT FOR MY TOUCH. RUSH OF BLOOD TO A LONG FORGOTTEN GROIN WHILE EXPERT LIPS SUCKED FORTH ORGASM UPON ORGASM.

IF I HEAR MUSIC AGAIN—IT WILL BE THE COLOR OF A TWILIGHT DAWN.

SUDDENLY I WAS **BERT** AGAIN. ONLY IT **WASN'T** ALL **THAT** SUDDEN. IT WAS ALMOST **TEN** HOURS LATER.

"SO **WHO** IS IT WE'RE **SUPPOSED** TO MEET—HUH—**BERT**?"

"YEAH—COME ON. LET ME **TRIP** US BACK TO THE CAVE."

NOT **YET** MY **FRIENDS**.

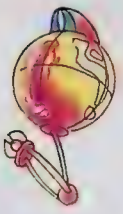
THE **DISRUPTER FIELD** AGAIN! **PETE** . . . STILL **UNAWARE**.

IN ONE FLUID MOTION **NORSE** HAD HIS **BLASTER** OUT AND HAD **DESTROYED** THE **BUT** AND THE **DISRUPTER**.

BUT IT WAS **TOO** LATE FOR **PETE**.

WE WERE **STUNNED**. AND IN THAT MOMENT I **UNDERSTOOD**. I HAD BEEN **USED**. MY PROGRAMING HAD BEEN **ALTERED** SO THAT **HERB** COULD **OVER-RIDE** ME. HE HADN'T **NEEDED** MY CONSENT—JUST THE OPPORTUNITY TO HOOK ME UP TO HIS **COMPUTERS**.

AND THEN HE'D HAD ME LEAD HIM STRAIGHT TO **PETE**. IT WAS **SO CLEAR** NOW NOW THAT IT WAS **TOO LATE**.



A DISRUPTER IS ONE OF THE **CRUELEST**-YET EFFICIENT PERSONEL **WEAPONS** CURRENTLY IN USE BY THE **PATROL**. IT **BURSTS** THE VERY VESELS OF THE **BODY** CAUSING AN **EXCRUCIATING DEATH** BY **BLEEDING**.

QUICK—AND **VERY FINAL**.

"I'M **SORRY** PETE"

GASM [illegible] SOFT WORDS AND **POUNCED** LIKE A MOTHER WHO'S JUST **LOST** A **CHILD**. "**BERT**? **NO**! DID **YOU DO** THIS **BERT**? DID YOU **KILL** PETE? DID **YOU**!?"

IN A **WAY**—I HAD.

BUT I'M TOO MUCH THE MACHINE TO ACCEPT **GUILT** WHERE IT **DOESN'T** APPLY.

I KNEW **WHO** WAS RESPONSABLE.

"YOU"

"**UNHAND ME**! GET YOUR CLAW **OFF**!"

"YOU'RE A **FOOL**. ALL YOU **HAD** LAST NIGHT WAS A **TAPE**—**RECORDED** LOVE AFFAIR. THAT'S RIGHT, NOT A **REAL** BODY. IT **CAN'T** BE DONE. JUST A SIMPLE TAPE—PLAYED THROUGH YOUR SENSORS, A TAPE OF **MARLINE** AND AN **ACTOR** WHO RESEMBLED **YOU** AT 25."

THIS WAS **HERBERT SANDOW.** **VICE-PREZ.** OF **COMBINE,** IN CHARGE OF DEVELOPING **RESOURSE PLANETS.** A MAN INTRUSTED WITH **POWER.** WHO USED IT AS HE SAW FIT. AND THOSE WHO **EMPOWERED** HIM ONLY TOOK NOTICE WHEN HE **MISSED** HIS **ANNUAL QUOTA.**

THIS YEAR THOSE **HIGHER-UPS** WOULD NOTICE **HERB** BECAUSE HE WAS GOING TO **MISS** HIS **QUOTA.**

"YOU **POOR** FOOL."

I HAD **LOST** ANY **CAPACITY** TO **FEEL.** I HAD ONLY **ONE** THOUGHT IN MIND.

"NO-AUG!"

SMACK!

"AH-**NO**-UH-**STAY BACK!** MY '**BUTS** WILL BE HERE TO **PROTECT** ME IN JUST AN INSTANT. NOW JUST STAY----"

I'M ANDROS TO **KILL** YOU!!

BACKKKK!

WOMP!

SCURAKK!

IT COULD BE ARGUED THAT ONLY **ONE** MAN **DIED** THAT DAY BUT THERE WERE **TWO BODIES.** ONE BELONGED TO A MAN I **LOVED** AS MUCH AS **LIFE.** A MAN WHO GAVE HIS **LIFE** TO A **FIGHT** FOR **BEAUTY**— IN AN EFFORT TO **PRESERVE** A PLANET WHERE MAN **LIVED WITH** THE **WORLD.**

"GOODBYE **PETE.**"

NEXT: PARIDISE REGAINED!

INCIDENT ON PLANETOID 7
Zen
HOT DAMN! WHAT A CATCH! I HAVENT SEEN A WHITE CHICK IN LIGHT YEARS!!
SURE, MURK, LETS JUST GET BACK TO THE SHIP BEFORE SLAG AND THE KIDZ GET HERE...
WHATRE YOU WORRIED ABOUT, VED? WE CAN TAKE THOSE ASS-WIPES.
YEAH, SURE JUST HUFFY.
MAN, ARE WE GONNA HAVE FUN TONITE!!
LETS GET HER INSIDE.
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, BASTARD!
SECONDS LATER....
SHIT! THAT'S THE DEAD BOYZ SHIP!!
DAMN!
AWRIGHT YOU GUYS, FUNTIMES OVER!
SLAG'S SHIP JUST FLEW OVER...
GET YOUR ASSES INTO BATTLE GEAR AND GET OUTSIDE FAST!
KABLAM
GODDAMMIT, HE'S DONE IT NOW!!

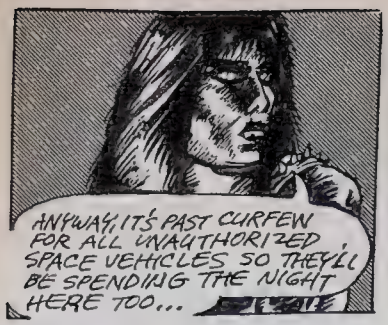
©1977 ZEN TO BEVERLY

WELL, WELL, WELL, IF IT ISNT VED AND THE DEAD BOYZ! I'M SO TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SHIP BUT YOU SEE ONE OF OUR GUNS MISFIRED.
APOLOGY ACCEPTED?
GOOD.. NOW DONT BE RUDE, DEAR VED. INTRODUCE US TO YOUR FEMALE COMPANION.
YOU PRICK!! BLOWING UP OUR SHIP WAS THE LAST STRAW!
THE CHICK'S OURS, SLAG. NOW FUCK OFF!
IDIOT!! YOU HAVE NO SHIP, NO SUPPLIES!
WE'LL GIVE YOU THE BROAD FOR A POD FROM YOUR SHIP..
I CAN KILL YOU AND HAVE BOTH..
OR DIE TRYING AND HAVE NEITHER.
WHAT'S LIFE IF YOU DONT TAKE A FEW RISKS, EH VED?
VERY LITTLE, SLAG
VERY LITTLE INDEED..
GODDAMN...

OOOOHHH...
CRAK
WHAT THE....?
HOLD IT, PUNK!!
MOVE ONE MORE INCH AND I'LL BLOW HIS HEAD OFF.
SORRY, VED
LEAVE THE KID ALONE, YOU SON OF A BITCH.
TAKE THE GIRL AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
HERE YOU GO, VED!
A LITTLE SOUVENIER YOU AND THE BOYZ CAN PLAY WITH IF YOU GET LONELY.
VED... PLEASE DON'T LET THEM...
I'M SORRY, HONEY, BUT THERE ISN'T ANYTHING I CAN DO..
OH GOD...
HERE AT NIGHT IT GETS DOWN TO 215° BELOW. I IMAGINE YOU'LL ALL BE STIFF WHEN WE SEE YOU TOMORROW MORNING!
PLEASANT DREAMS, VED.
YEH, YOU TOO YA MOTHER FUCKER.

WELL, WELL, WELL, IF IT ISNT VED AND THE DEAD BOYZ! I'M SO TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SHIP BUT YOU SEE ONE OF OUR GUNS MISFIRED.
APOLOGY ACCEPTED?
GOOD.. NOW DONT BE RUDE, DEAR VED. INTRODUCE US TO YOUR FEMALE COMPANION.
YOU PRICK!! BLOWING UP OUR SHIP WAS THE LAST STRAW!
THE CHICK'S OURS, SLAG. NOW FUCK OFF!
IDIOT!! YOU HAVE NO SHIP, NO SUPPLIES!
WE'LL GIVE YOU THE BROAD FOR A POD FROM YOUR SHIP..
I CAN KILL YOU AND HAVE BOTH..
OR DIE TRYING AND HAVE NEITHER.
WHAT'S LIFE IF YOU DONT TAKE A FEW RISKS, EH VED?
VERY LITTLE, SLAG
VERY LITTLE INDEED..
GODDAMN...

OOOOHHH...
CRAK
WHAT THE....?
HOLD IT, PUNK!!
MOVE ONE MORE INCH AND I'LL BLOW HIS HEAD OFF.
SORRY, VED
LEAVE THE KID ALONE, YOU SON OF A BITCH.
TAKE THE GIRL AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
HERE YOU GO, VED!
A LITTLE SOUVENIER YOU AND THE BOYZ CAN PLAY WITH IF YOU GET LONELY.
VED... PLEASE DON'T LET THEM...
I'M SORRY, HONEY. BUT THERE ISN'T ANYTHING I CAN DO..
OH GOD...
HERE AT NIGHT IT GETS DOWN TO 215° BELOW. I IMAGINE YOU'LL ALL BE STIFF WHEN WE SEE YOU TOMORROW MORNING!
PLEASANT DREAMS, VED.
YEH, YOU TOO YA MOTHER FUCKER.

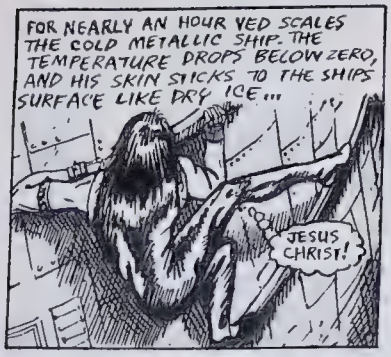

ANYWAY, IT'S PAST CURFEW FOR ALL UNAUTHORIZED SPACE VEHICLES SO THEY'LL BE SPENDING THE NIGHT HERE TOO...

SO...?
WHAT THE HELL ARE WE GONNA DO?

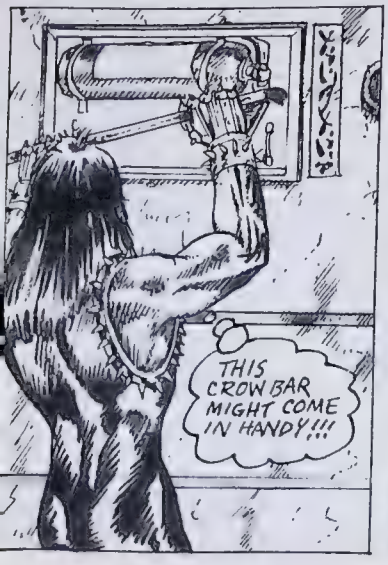
IT'S ALREADY GETTING COLD...

I'M GOING IN THAT SHIP!!
THERE'S A HATCH NEAR THE TOP THAT OPENS FROM THE OUTSIDE. I MEAN I THINK THERE IS

HERE GOES NOTHING...
WISH ME LUCK. I'LL SEE YOU GUYS IN A LITTLE WHILE.


FOR NEARLY AN HOUR VED SCALES THE COLD METALLIC SHIP. THE TEMPERATURE DROPS BELOW ZERO, AND HIS SKIN STICKS TO THE SHIPS SURFACE LIKE DRY ICE...
JESUS CHRIST!

UNTIL...
MADE IT!!
CLICK


THIS CROWBAR MIGHT COME IN HANDY!!!

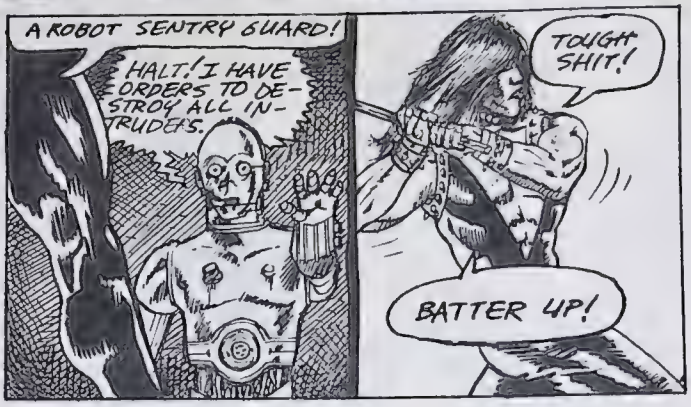
O.K. YOU POINTY-EARED ASS HOLE...
NOW YOURE GONNA GET A TASTE OF THE DEAD BOYZ IN ACTION!!

SMASH!!
WHA...??

EAT STEEL YOU ONE-EARED FAGGOT!!

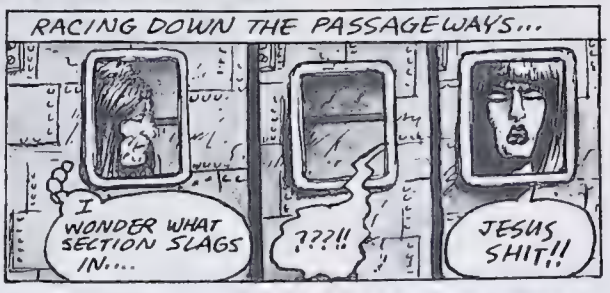
NOW TO FIND THE DAMN HATCH LOCK...
HERE WE GO!
UHH GAHHH..
VED SWITCHES ON THE OUTSIDE INTERCOM...
OK. YOU GUYS, HATCH IS OPEN.. GET IN HERE AND LETS GET THIS SHOW MOVING!

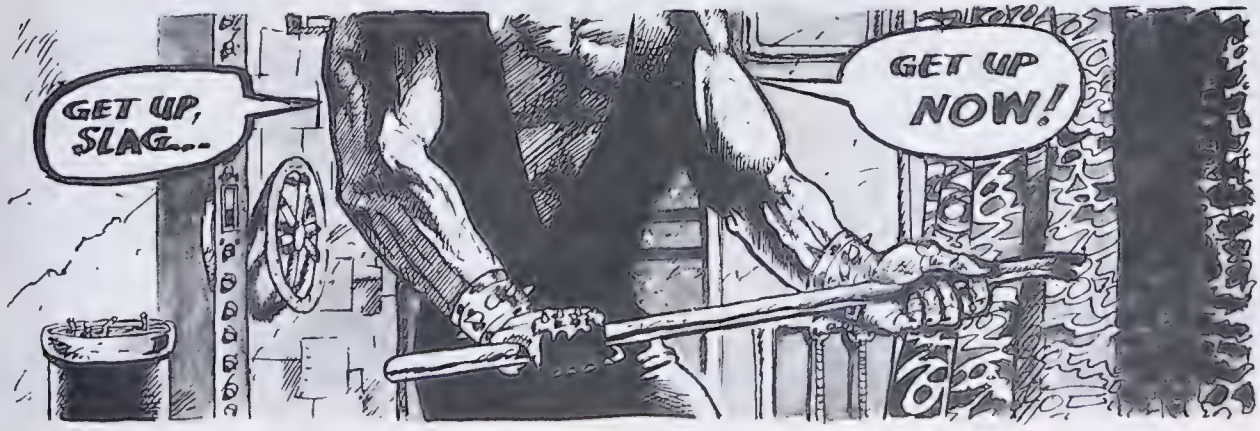
NOW TO FIND SLAG...
UH OH!


A ROBOT SENTRY GUARD!
HALT! I HAVE ORDERS TO DE-STROY ALL IN-TRUDERS.
TOUGH SHIT!
BATTER UP!

KLANG

FUCK YOU GEORGE!!


RACING DOWN THE PASSAGEWAYS...
I WONDER WHAT SECTION SLAGS IN....
???!!
JESUS SHIT!!


GET UP, SLAG...
GET UP NOW!

VED BURSTS INTO THE ROOM WITH A ROAR OF DEFIANCE ON HIS BLACK LIPS AND DEATH BRIGHTLY GRINNING IN HIS COLD WHITE EYES...
SLAG, I'VE TAKEN YOUR BULLSHIT FOR MORE YEARS THAN I CARE TO REMEMBER... IT ENDS HERE!!

VED!! HOW IN HELL...?!?
OH, THANK GOD!
SECONDS FLASH BY...

VED BURSTS INTO THE ROOM WITH A ROAR OF DEFIANCE ON HIS BLACK LIPS AND DEATH BRIGHTLY GRINNING IN HIS COLD WHITE EYES...

SLAG, I'VE TAKEN YOUR BULLSHIT FOR MORE YEARS THAN I CARE TO REMEMBER... IT ENDS HERE!!

VED!! HOW IN HELL...?!?

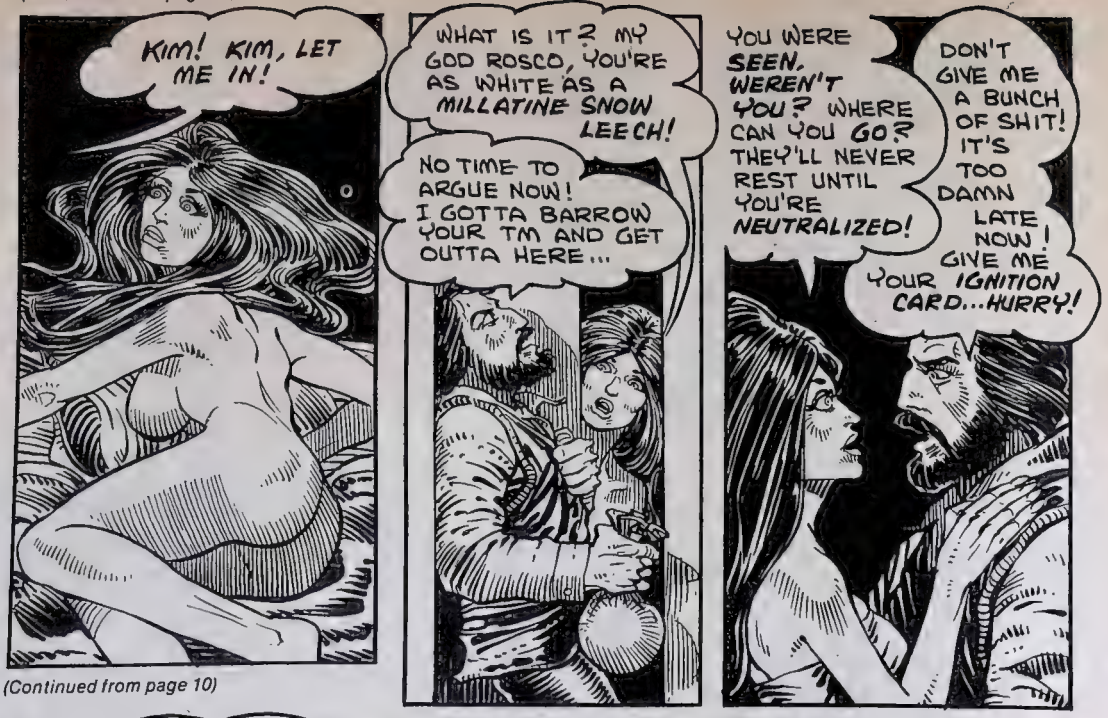
OH, THANK GOD!

SECONDS FLASH BY...

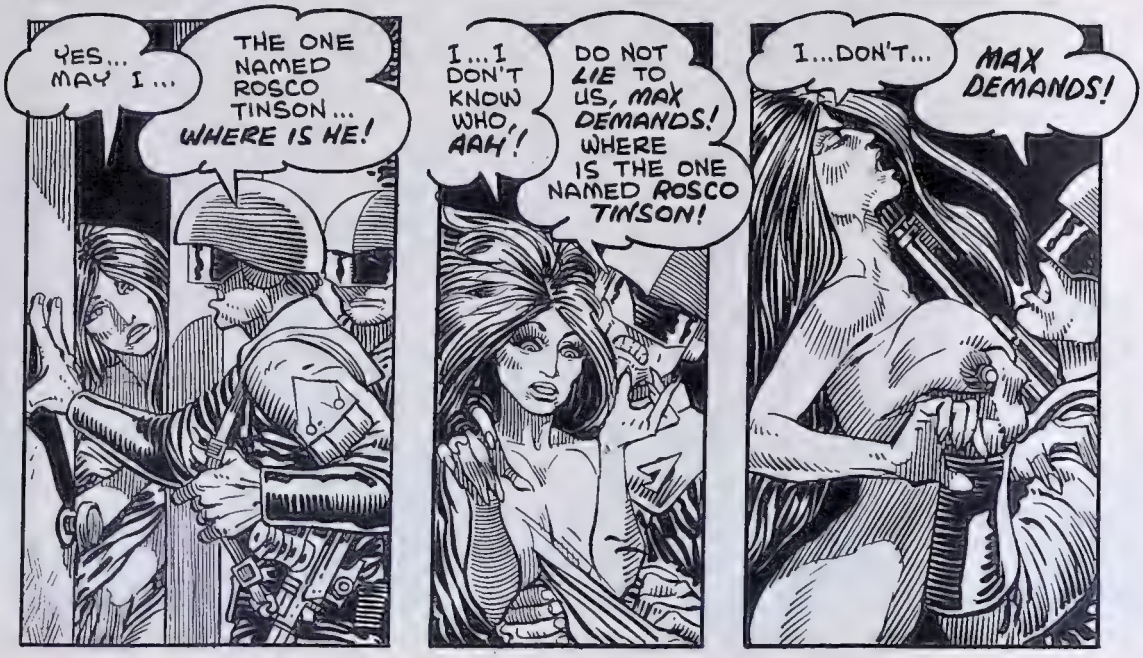
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
DETONATE

SLUK
MAN, AM I, GLAD THATS TAKEN CARE OF.
AND NOW...
AH, THE REWARDS, THE REWARDS!
JESUS CHRIST! GENUINE IMITATION WOOD PANELING!
SOME PEOPLE HAVE IT ALL.
MUCH LATER...
I WONDER WHERE MURK AND REE ARE?? I LET THEM IN AS SOON AS I GOT IN.
HERE WE ARE, VED! HOPE YOU DIDNT WEAR THE CHICK OUT!
RIGHTEOO, BROTHER REE!
AND JUST WHERE THE HELL 'AVE YOU GUYS BEEN?!
OH, US???
WE HAD SOME OTHER BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!
FUCKIN' ANIMALS, I SWEAR.
end

(Continued from page 10)

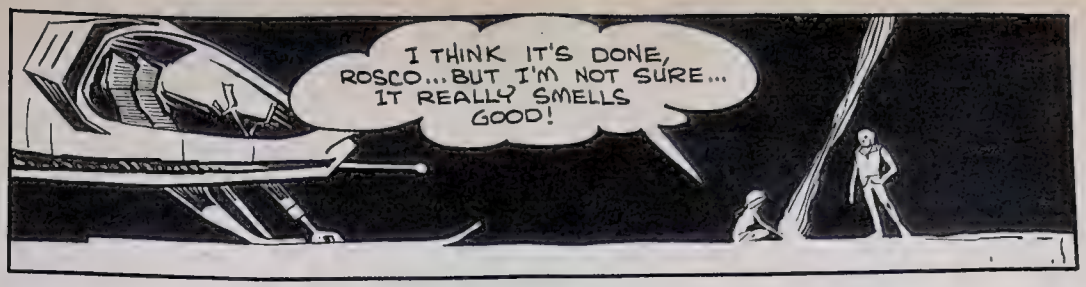

KIM! KIM, LET ME IN!
WHAT IS IT? MY GOD ROSCO, YOU'RE AS WHITE AS A MILLATINE SNOW LEECH!
NO TIME TO ARGUE NOW! I GOTTA BARROW YOUR TM AND GET OUTTA HERE...
YOU WERE SEEN, WEREN'T YOU? WHERE CAN YOU GO? THEY'LL NEVER REST UNTIL YOU'RE NEUTRALIZED!
DON'T GIVE ME A BUNCH OF SHIT! IT'S TOO DAMN LATE NOW! GIVE ME YOUR IGNITION CARD...HURRY!

(Continued from page 10)


YES... MAY I...
THE ONE NAMED ROSCO TINSON... WHERE IS HE!
I...I DON'T KNOW WHO, AAH!
DO NOT LIE TO US, MAX DEMANDS! WHERE IS THE ONE NAMED ROSCO TINSON!
I...DON'T...
MAX DEMANDS!

WE DO NOT HAVE TIME TO WASTE... SPREAD HER LEGS! THE ELECTRO-PLUG WILL GET US THE ANSWERS NEEDED!
NO! NOT THAT!
WHAT KIND OF AN ASSHOLE AM I? HOW CAN I LET THEM TURN HER INSIDES TO JELLY OVER A LOUSY BAG OF SHIT!
CLEAR... HIT IT!
AHH!
NOW WHERE IS THE ONE NAMED ROSCO TINSON?
WZZT
RIGHT HERE, FUCKER!
POM
CLACK

DISGUSTING BASTARDS!
COME ON, BABE... WE'RE GETTING OUTTA HERE!
HANGER 27
HOW MANY?
I COUNT THREE... THERE MAY BE MORE!
IF WE CAN JUST MAKE THE CIRCULATOR CHANNELS THEY'LL NEVER HEAD US OFF!
MADE IT! THOSE PROWL SHUTTLES ARE TOO BIG TO FOLLOW!


I THINK IT'S DONE, ROSCO... BUT I'M NOT SURE... IT REALLY SMELLS GOOD!

YOU SCARED?
A LITTLE...

AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS A "SOLID" WAS TASTED!

AND QUIETLY THEY WAITED... NOT KNOWING WHAT TO EXPECT!

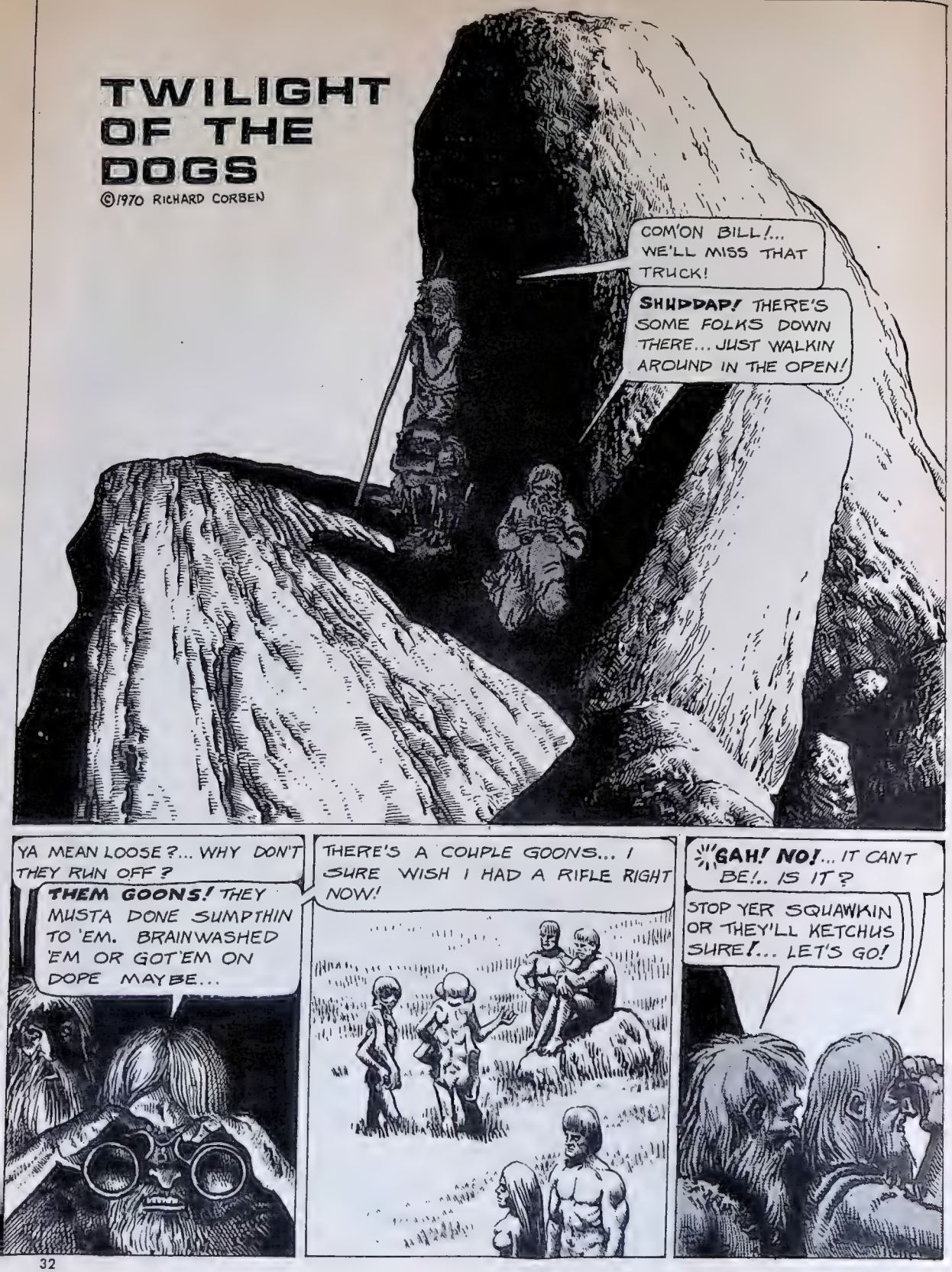
THEY HAD PAYED A HIGH PRICE FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPERIENCE THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT!

SLOWLY THE REACTION BEGAN DEEP DOWN INSIDE... ALMOST IN UNISON THEY PEAKED TOGETHER... AND A CERTAIN SOUND ECHOED ACROSS THE BADLANDS!

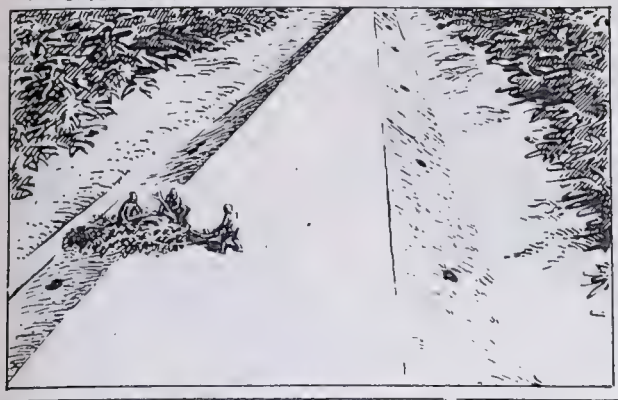
POOT
POOT
POOT
POOT
POOT
POOT
POOT
THE FART WAS REINTRODUCED!
-FIN-

TWILIGHT OF THE DOGS

©1970 RICHARD CORBEN


COM'ON BILL!... WE'LL MISS THAT TRUCK!
SHUDDAP! THERE'S SOME FOLKS DOWN THERE... JUST WALKIN AROUND IN THE OPEN!
YA MEAN LOOSE?... WHY DON'T THEY RUN OFF?
THEM GOONS! THEY MUSTA DONE SUMPTHIN TO 'EM. BRAINWASHED 'EM OR GOT 'EM ON DOPE MAYBE...
THERE'S A COUPLE GOONS... I SURE WISH I HAD A RIFLE RIGHT NOW!
GAH! NO!... IT CAN'T BE!.. IS IT?
STOP YER SQUAWKIN OR THEY'LL KETCHUS SURE!... LET'S GO!

LIFE WAS HARD FOR THOSE OF US THAT WERE STILL FREE. WE CAUGHT SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, CATS, DOGS, ANYTHING WE COULD, TO LIVE ON. THE GOON'S AGRICULTURAL CROPS WERE TOO WELL GUARDED. BUT THEY MOVED THE FOOD BY TRUCK, AND TODAY WE WERE GONNA HI-JACK ONE.



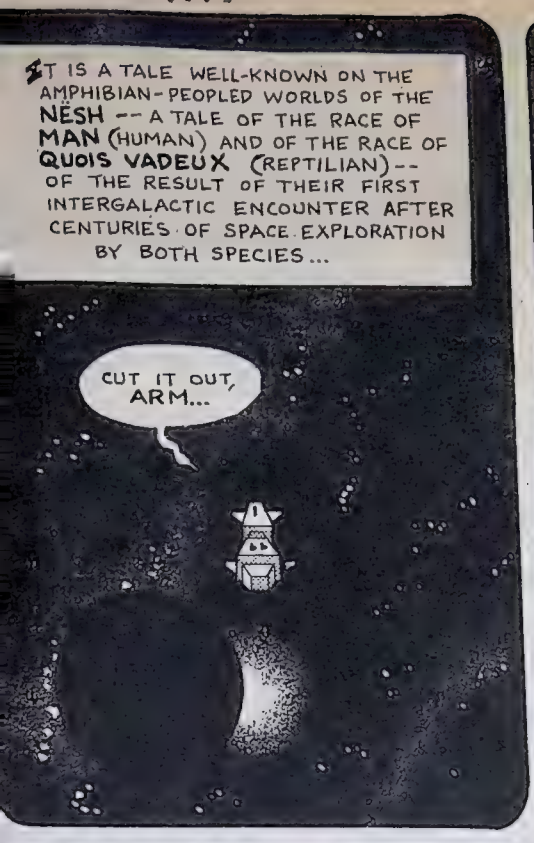
WE HAD PLANNED THIS FOR WEEKS. WE KNEW EXACTLY WHEN THIS ONE WOULD BE BY. EXPLOSIVES THAT HAD BEEN USELESS AGAINST THE GOONS MIGHT STOP A ROBOT TRUCK.

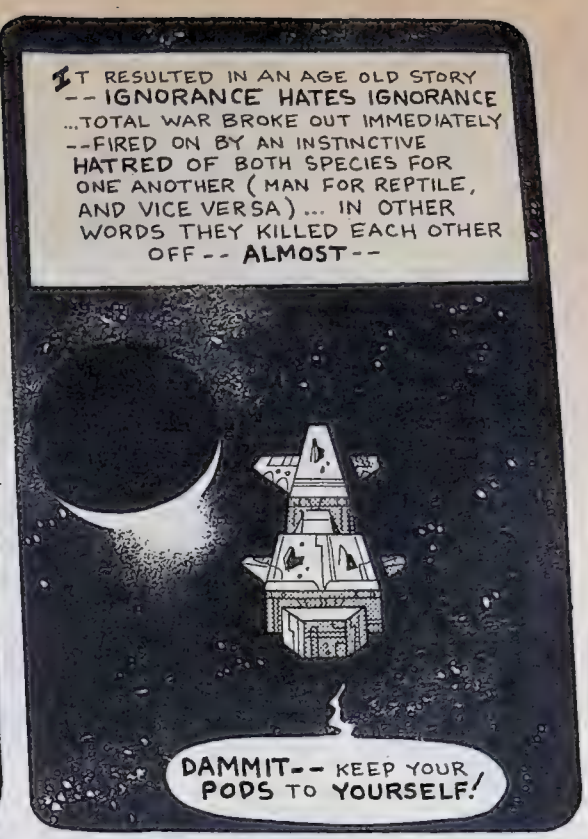
...AND AFTER WE GET THE FOOD OUTTA THE TRUCK, WE CAN LOOK AT THE MACHINERY... AND SEE HOW IT WORKS... THEN WE CAN FIGGER A WAY TO FIGHT THEM...
YOU'RE SO FULL OF BULL, IT'S SPILLIN OUTTA YOUR MOUTH!

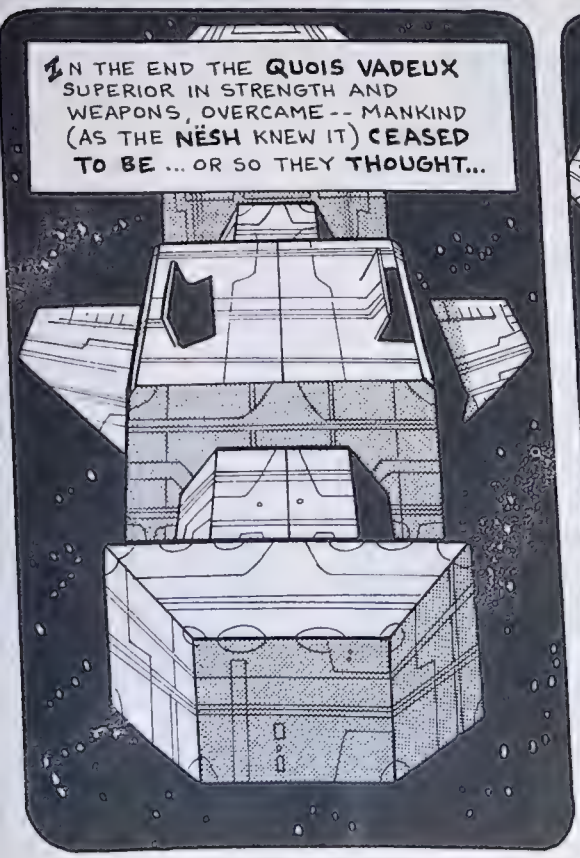
AD SAVED THE STICKS OF DYNAMITE FOR SOME TIME NOW. WE WERE TOLERABLY E THAT THERE WAS ENOUGH TO KNOCK THAT WEIRD CONTRAPTION OVER; BUT, THE NED THING WENT TOO BLAMED FAST FOR US TO FIRE IT OFF. THEN ONE DAY HANK G A TREE LIMB ONTO THE ROAD. THE TRUCK MUSTA SENSED IT BECAUSE IT SLOWED N AND DROVE AROUND IT. WE KNEW HOW TO CATCH HIM THEN.

(Continued on page 59)

LOGUE....


IT IS A TALE WELL-KNOWN ON THE AMPHIBIAN-PEOPLED WORLDS OF THE NËSH -- A TALE OF THE RACE OF MAN (HUMAN) AND OF THE RACE OF QUOIS VADEUX (REPTILIAN)-- OF THE RESULT OF THEIR FIRST INTERGALACTIC ENCOUNTER AFTER CENTURIES OF SPACE EXPLORATION BY BOTH SPECIES...
CUT IT OUT, ARM...


IT RESULTED IN AN AGE OLD STORY -- IGNORANCE HATES IGNORANCE ...TOTAL WAR BROKE OUT IMMEDIATELY --FIRED ON BY AN INSTINCTIVE HATRED OF BOTH SPECIES FOR ONE ANOTHER (MAN FOR REPTILE, AND VICE VERSA)... IN OTHER WORDS THEY KILLED EACH OTHER OFF -- ALMOST --
DAMMIT-- KEEP YOUR PODS TO YOURSELF!


IN THE END THE QUOIS VADEUX SUPERIOR IN STRENGTH AND WEAPONS, OVERCAME -- MANKIND (AS THE NËSH KNEW IT) CEASED TO BE ... OR SO THEY THOUGHT...

IF YOU DON'T CALL HIM OFF, BOGEY, I WON'T PLAY ANYMORE!
ALRIGHT, YOU CREEP-- STUFF THIS GAME UP YOUR---

ART AND STORY:— GENE DAY

THE LONG GOODBYE

TO EVERYTHING!

ABOARD THE GALACTIC CRUISER "SURVIVOR", IT'S CREW OF THREE CONTINUES ITS ODDESSY OF TWENTY YEARS THROUGH THE VASTNESS OF SPACE. THEIR OBJECTIVE: TO FIND A PLANET WHERE A COLONY OF HUMANS HAS SOMEHOW MANAGED TO SURVIVE THE HOLOCAUST THAT HAS SWALLOWED THE NAME OF MAN ...AN OBJECTIVE THAT HAS PROVEN, THUS FAR, FRUITLESS...

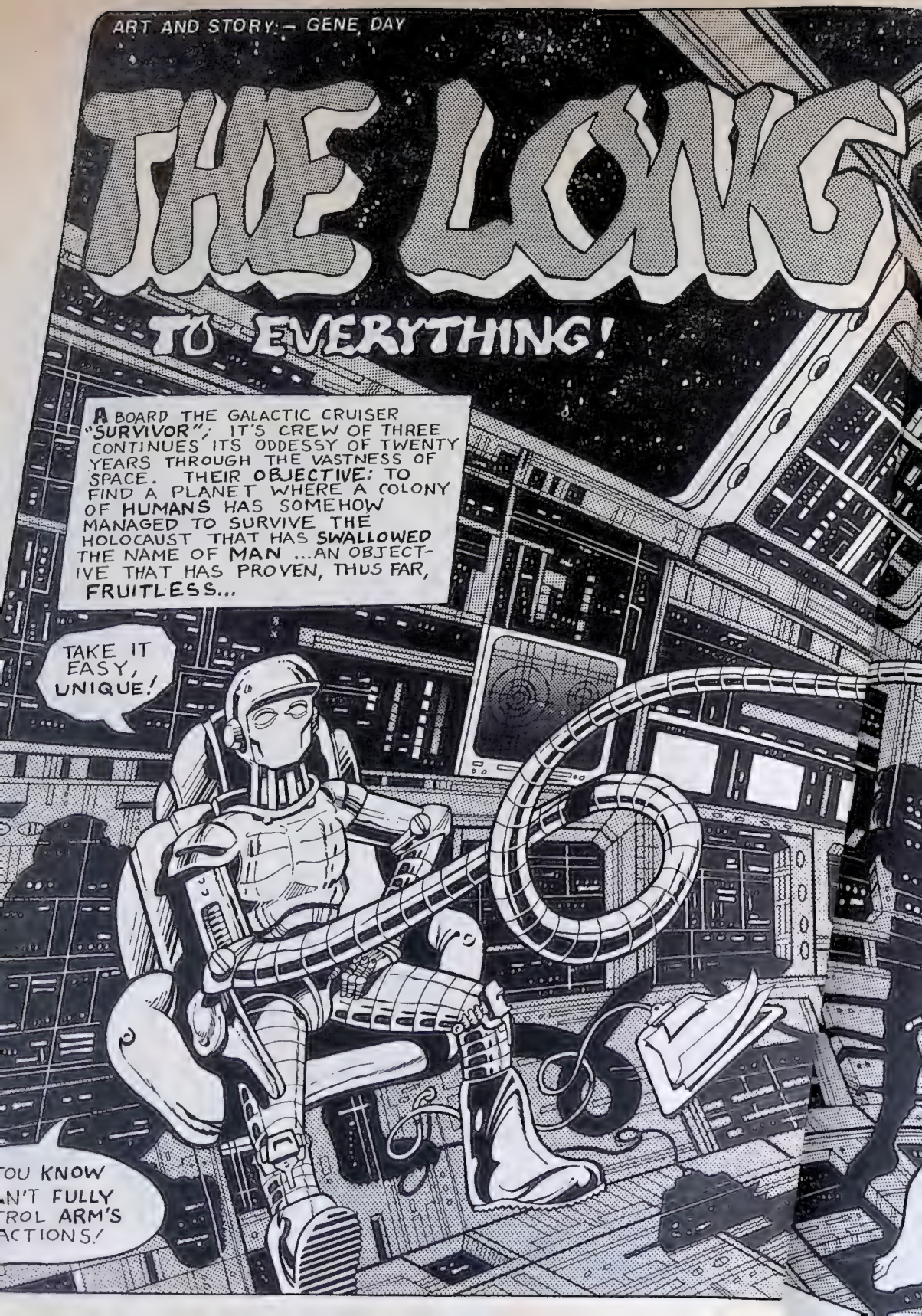
TAKE IT EASY, UNIQUE!

...YOU KNOW I CAN'T FULLY CONTROL ARM'S ACTIONS!

GOD! HOW A DROID PROGRAMMED ONLY TO TELL THE TRUTH CAN LIE SO DAMN MUCH IS BEYOND ME!

DANGER

GENE DAY ©77


ART AND STORY:— GENE DAY
THE LONG
TO EVERYTHING!
ABOARD THE GALACTIC CRUISER "SURVIVOR", IT'S CREW OF THREE CONTINUES ITS ODDESSY OF TWENTY YEARS THROUGH THE VASTNESS OF SPACE. THEIR OBJECTIVE: TO FIND A PLANET WHERE A COLONY OF HUMANS HAS SOMEHOW MANAGED TO SURVIVE THE HOLOCAUST THAT HAS SWALLOWED THE NAME OF MAN ...AN OBJECTIVE THAT HAS PROVEN, THUS FAR, FRUITLESS...
TAKE IT EASY, UNIQUE!
TOU KNOW
N'T FULLY
TROL ARM'S
ACTIONS!

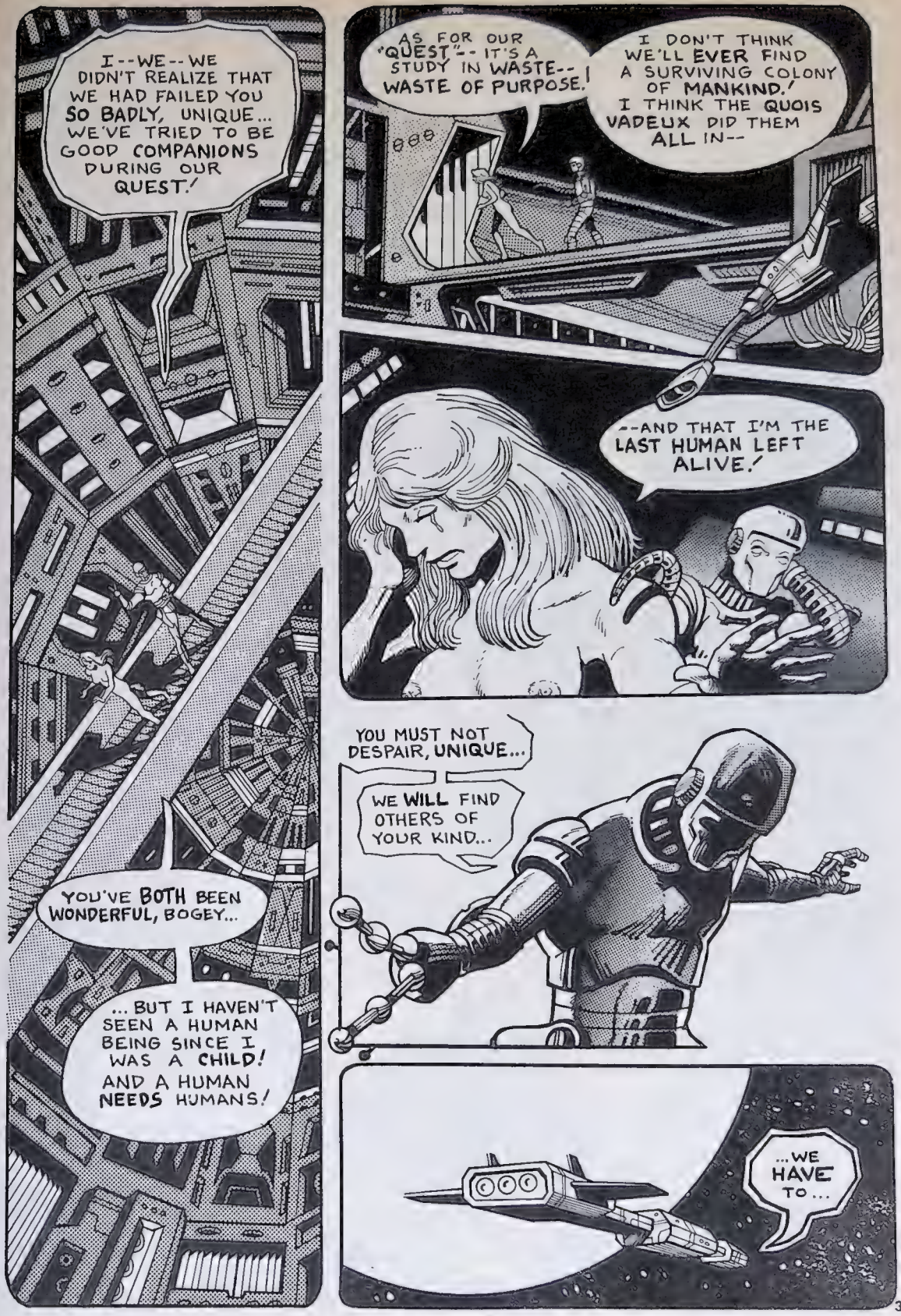
CLIMAX

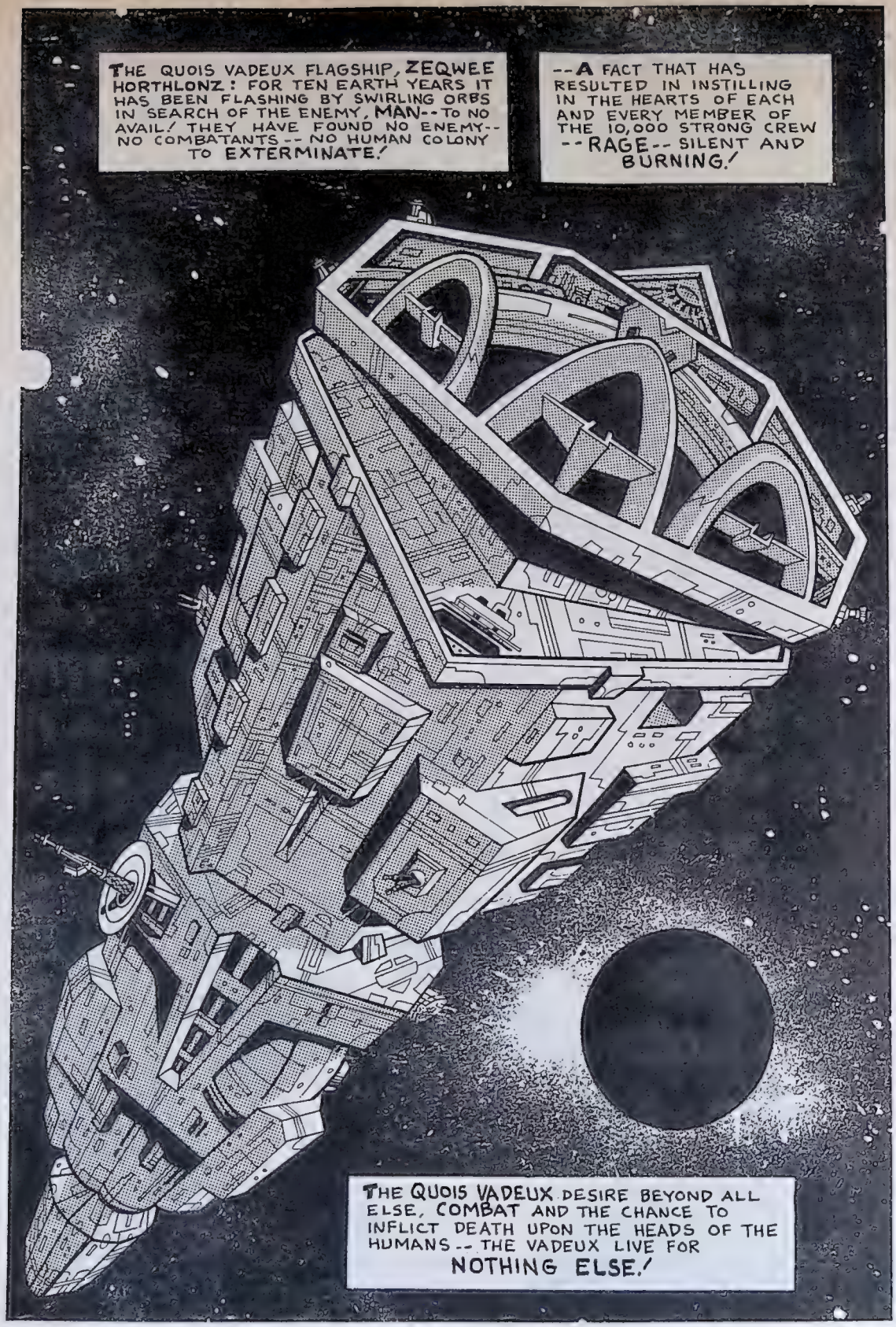
GOD!

HOW A DROID PROGRAMMED ONLY TO TELL THE TRUTH CAN LIE SO DAMN MUCH IS BEYOND ME!

GENE DAY ©77

A FLAW, KID--BUILT IN BY ONE OF MY HUMAN CREATORS! OBVIOUSLY CYNICAL AS HELL...
STILL, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO PLEASE YOU, UNIQUE...
KLIK
COME ON IN, ARM!
BEEP?
CHECK OUT THOSE HYDRAULICS, EH, KID? BY GOD, THOSE MEN BUILT THINGS TO LAST!
MMMM
BEEP... KLIK...ZZT... KLIK...KLIK ...BEEP!
ENOUGH OF THE WISE-CRACKS, ARM! BE CAREFUL I DON'T MELT YOU DOWN AND MAKE A HULL SHIELD OUT OF YOU, BOLT BRAIN!
I WISH YOU TWO WOULD KNOCK IT OFF--
I'M FED UP, BOGEY!
...BORED STIFF FROM WANDERING THE STARS!
THE GALAXIES ARE BEAUTIFUL-- BUT BEAUTY WEARS THIN...
...WHEN YOU'RE LONELY!


I--WE--WE DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WE HAD FAILED YOU SO BADLY, UNIQUE... WE'VE TRIED TO BE GOOD COMPANIONS DURING OUR QUEST.!
AS FOR OUR "QUEST"-- IT'S A STUDY IN WASTE-- WASTE OF PURPOSE.!
I DON'T THINK WE'LL EVER FIND A SURVIVING COLONY OF MANKIND.! I THINK THE QUOIS VADEUX DID THEM ALL IN--
--AND THAT I'M THE LAST HUMAN LEFT ALIVE.!
YOU MUST NOT DESPAIR, UNIQUE...
WE WILL FIND OTHERS OF YOUR KIND...
YOU'VE BOTH BEEN WONDERFUL, BOGEY...
... BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN A HUMAN BEING SINCE I WAS A CHILD! AND A HUMAN NEEDS HUMANS!
...WE HAVE TO...


THE QUOIS VADEUX FLAGSHIP, ZEQWEE HORTHLONZ: FOR TEN EARTH YEARS IT HAS BEEN FLASHING BY SWIRLING ORBS IN SEARCH OF THE ENEMY, MAN--TO NO AVAIL! THEY HAVE FOUND NO ENEMY--NO COMBATANTS--NO HUMAN COLONY TO EXTERMINATE!
--A FACT THAT HAS RESULTED IN INSTILLING IN THE HEARTS OF EACH AND EVERY MEMBER OF THE 10,000 STRONG CREW --RAGE-- SILENT AND BURNING!
THE QUOIS VADEUX DESIRE BEYOND ALL ELSE, COMBAT AND THE CHANCE TO INFLICT DEATH UPON THE HEADS OF THE HUMANS--THE VADEUX LIVE FOR NOTHING ELSE!

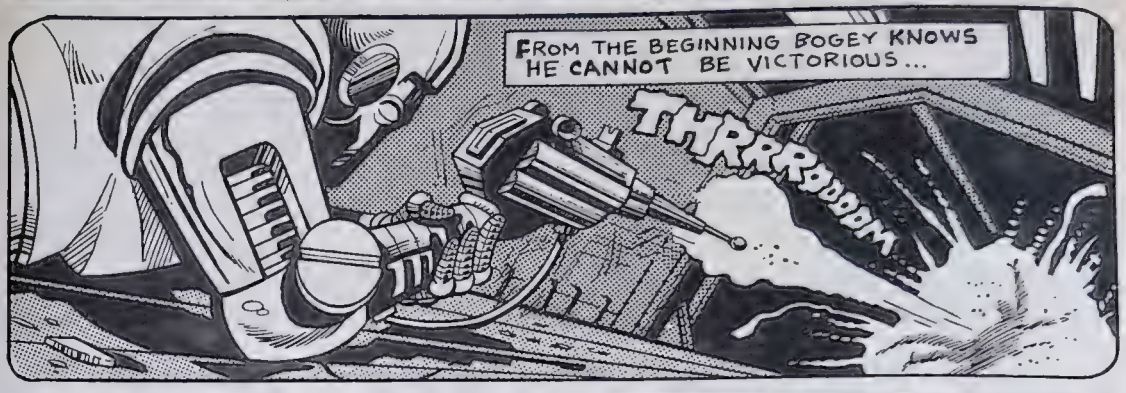
IN THE HEART OF THE SPEEDING METAL CITY THAT IS ZEQWEE HORTHLONZ, WORZLA MEU STANDS SILENT VIGIL OVER THE DEVICE THAT WILL DETECT THE PRESENCE OF HUMANS... STANDS AS HE HAS STOOD FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS!
THE VADEUX ARE DEDICATED AND TIRELESS, IF NOTHING ELSE...
SUDDENLY THE CONSUL COMES TO LIFE! FOR BRIEF MOMENTS WORZLA STANDS MOTIONLESS ...NOT BELIEVING HIS SENSES! BUT ONLY FOR BRIEF MOMENTS!
HE WHIRLS QUICKLY AND HISSES HIS DISCOVERY TO THE FLOOR COMMANDER OF THE HOUR--A HUMAN HAS BEEN DETECTED!!
...IT IS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE...
...BUT THE COMPUTER CONFIRMS.
THERE IS MUCH REJOICING ON BOARD THE ZEQWEE HORTHLONZ THIS DAY...

ARTIFICAL NIGHT HAS FALLEN INSIDE THE "SURVIVOR"... THE GIRL, UNIQUE, IS LOST IN THE SCENES OF DREAM WORLDS. OFTEN FILLED WITH GHASTLY IMAGES OF VADEUX, HER DREAMS ARE MORE PLEASANT THIS EVE--
OHHH
OHHHHHHH
BEEP ?
...OH....
'MORNING, SCHWEETHART.!
BEEP KLIK ?
CRIPES, A GIRL CAN'T EVEN GET ANY SLEEP AROUND HERE WITHOUT YOU TWO HORSING AROUND.!
DAMMIT, BOGEY! I KNOW THAT. BOTH OF YOU HAVE YOUR SENSORY DISCS IN ARM'S TIP...
...SO YOU CAN QUIT PRETENDING YOU DIDN'T PUT HIM UP TO THAT.!
BOGEY?
YOU'RE NOT EVEN LISTENING.!
BEEP! KLIK! ZZT! KLIK?
SORRY, KID--BUT ARM'S PICKED SOMETHING UP ON HIS SENSORS.!

"ONE SHIP... AND THREE SMALLER OBJECTS APPROACHING FAST"
"I HATE TO UPSET YOU, KID... BUT I THINK WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE! IT HAS TO BE VADEUX...
"...AND THAT MEANS THEY WILL BE INSIDE THE SHIP IN SECONDS..."
"IN FACT, I THINK I CAN HEAR THEM JUST..."

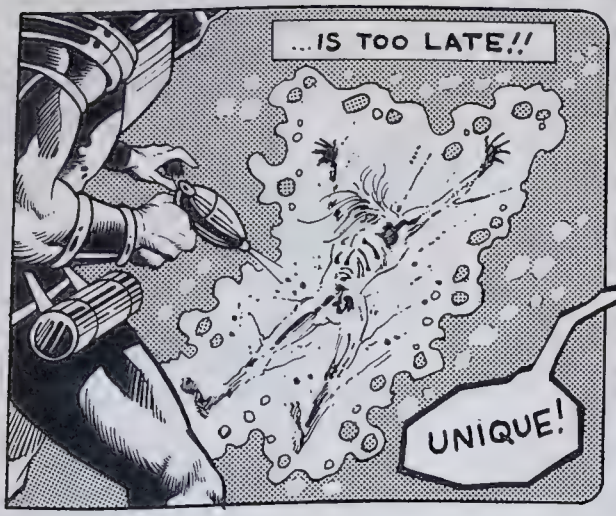
"... OUTSIDE ?"
BOGEY!!
RUN FOR IT, KID-- W-WE'RE DONE FOR... zzztt
SQWEEEEE...
DAMN YOU, ARM--DO SOMETHING! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL HER...
A HUMAN... AT LAST, A HUMAN ... AND A FEMALE AS WELL...
CHANGE! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP UNIQUE!
THE VADEUX HAVE WAITED TOO LONG FOR VENGEANCE TO ALLOW THIS ONE TO PERISH SWIFTLY...
FOR GOD'S SAKE!! DO SOMETHING DAMN YOU..DO..

IT IS A MAJOR CHANGE FOR ARM... A GREATER ONE THAN IT HAS EVER MADE BEFORE --ONE THAT ALMOST TEARS ITS LIVING CIRCUITS...



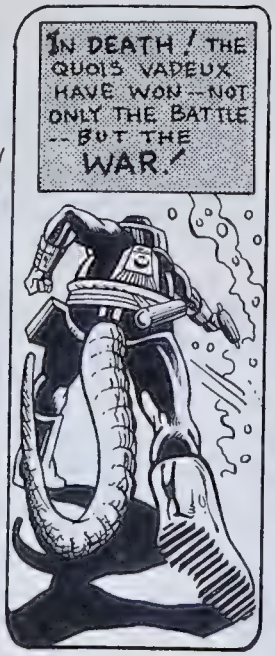
THE QUOIS VADEUX MOTHER SHIP IS ON ITS WAY TO RESCUE ITS TROOPS....

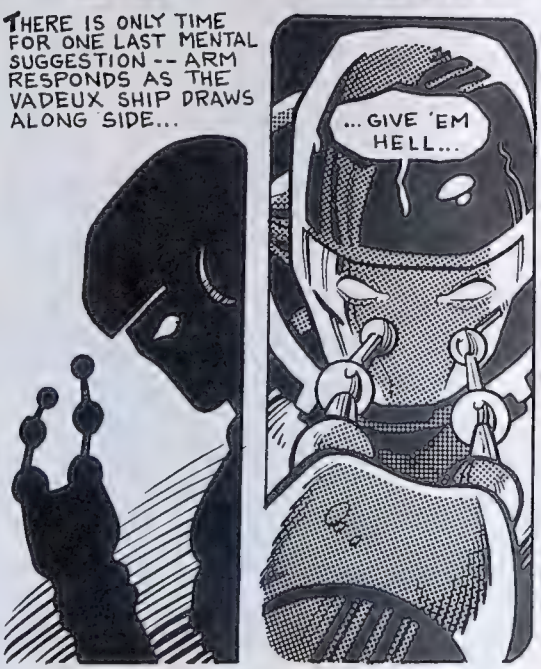
JUST AS HE...


...IS TOO LATE!!
UNIQUE!

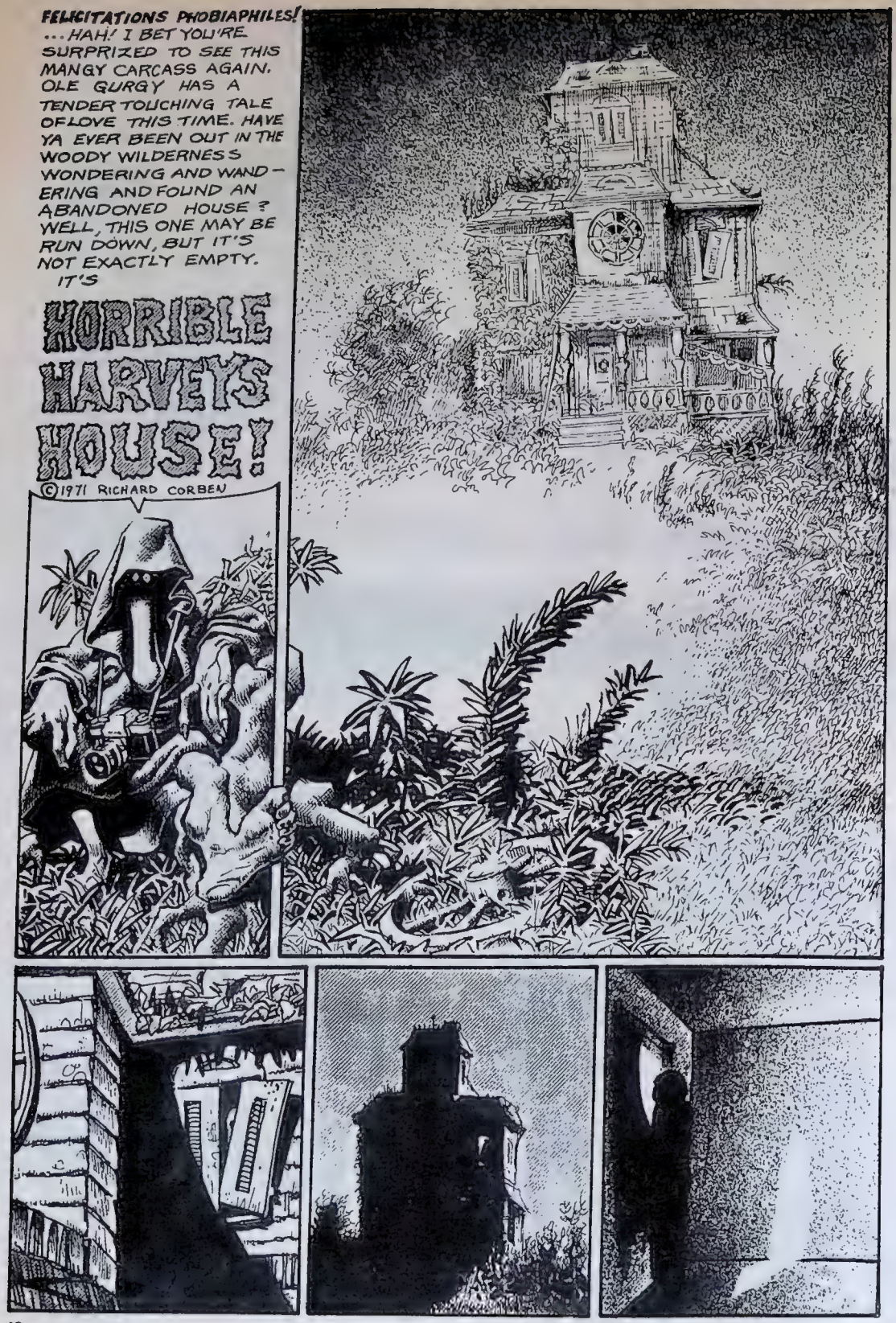
IF IT IS POSSIBLE FOR METALLIC VOICES TO SCREAM IN ANQUISH...
THEN SUCH A THING IS TAKING PLACE NOW...
SQUEEEEEEEEEEE...

BOGEY'S CIRCUITS OVERLOAD... IT'S OVER -- THEIR SEARCH FOR A SURVIVING COLONY OF MAN HAS ENDED AS PERHAPS THEY ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD!


IN DEATH! THE QUOIS VADEUX HAVE WON -- NOT ONLY THE BATTLE -- BUT THE WAR!


THERE IS ONLY TIME FOR ONE LAST MENTAL SUGGESTION -- ARM RESPONDS AS THE VADEUX SHIP DRAWS ALONG SIDE...
...GIVE 'EM HELL...

...AND ARM GOES NOVA! THE EARTHSHIP "SURVIVOR" IS REDUCED TO DUST...
ON BOARD THE QUOIS VADEUX VESSEL THERE ISN'T EVEN TIME TO SCREAM...
IT IS PERHAPS ONLY MOMENTS IN THE PASSING...PERHAPS EONS...
...AN OBJECT FLOATS FROM THE WRECKAGE OF THE TWO GALACTIC SHIPS...
...AND AN EARLIER PHRASE, SAID IN JEST, IS BROUGHT TO MIND...
...SO LONG, SCHWEETHART...
...KLIK...
...SCHWEETHART... KLIK SCHWEETHART... KLIK
...MEN BUILT THINGS TO LAST... FOREVER!!
THE END


FELICITATIONS PHOBIAPHILES! ...HAH! I BET YOU'RE SURPRIZED TO SEE THIS MANGY CARCASS AGAIN. OLE GURGY HAS A TENDER TOUCHING TALE OF LOVE THIS TIME. HAVE YA EVER BEEN OUT IN THE WOODY WILDERNESS WONDERING AND WANDERING AND FOUND AN ABANDONED HOUSE? WELL, THIS ONE MAY BE RUN DOWN, BUT IT'S NOT EXACTLY EMPTY. IT'S
HORRIBLE HARVEY'S HOUSE!
©1971 RICHARD CORBEN

HEY! DIG THIS SCENERY!
SURE! BUT HOW COME WE HAD TO COME SO FAR JUST TO SHOOT ON YOUR MOVIE?
CAUSE, I WANTED TO GET FAR AWAY FROM THAT CRUDDY CITY. ... C'MON LET'S SEE WHATCHA LOOK LIKE IN THIS FIELD!
WHILE I'M GETTIN THIS CAMERA SET UP, YOU CAN GET OUTTA THEM CLOTHES!
YOU DIDN'T SAY IT WAS GONNA BE THAT KIND OF MOVIE!
"THAT KIND OF MOVIE"? ZARA, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS FOR OVER A YEAR! IT'S TAKEN THIS LONG JUST TO SAVE $500 TO RENT THESE CAMERAS AND BUY THE FILM!!! IT'L BE A WORK OF ART!!
IF THIS SEQUENCE WEREN'T SO IMPORTANT TO THE SCENARIO, I'D HAVE NEVER ASKED YOU TO DO THIS... ZARA IT'L BE A BEAUTIFUL FILM... WON'T YOU HELP ME ?..
WELL-
OKAY LET'S GET SOME SUNLIGHT ON THOSE BULGY BOOBS!

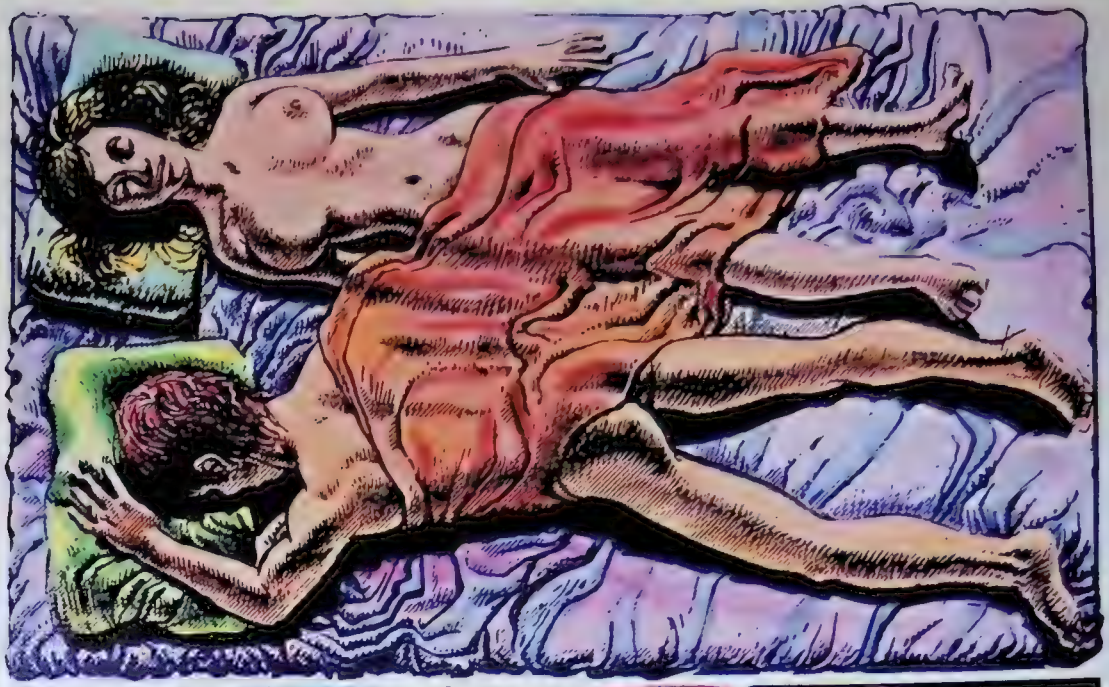
WHAT AM I POSTA DO?
UH... START WALKIN OVER IN THAT DIRECTION... I GUESS... AND GETCHER HAND OFFEN YER CROTCH!
...THAT'S RIGHT, JUST KINDA WALK SLOW, LIKE YOU'RE WANDERIN.
ZZZZZZZZZZ
HEY JARVIS COME LOOK!
OH. DAMMIT!
YER NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK TO ME WHEN I'M SHOOTIN... WHAT?... WOW!

FAR OUT! I'LL USE IT IN THE DREAM SEQUENCE WITH YOU!
YOU WALK OVER TO IT! CLEAR UP TO THE DOOR!
ZZZZZ
THAT'S SWELL! NOW I WANT TO GET A SHOT OF YOU APPROACHING ... FROM INSIDE!
DOOR'S STUCK! PROBABLY NAILED!
HELL WITH IT! WE'LL SHOOT SOME MORE SCENES OUT HERE!
GIVE ME SOME ACTION ZARA! RUN! SKIP!... DANCE AROUND!
HEY! WORK IT OUT! WOW!! THIS IS TOO GOOD! HOLD IT!
BA BA BA BA
MARK TIME SWEETY. I'M GONNA GO GET THE 'HIGH SPEED!'
BU-BA-BU BA-BU-BA

BU-BA-BU-BA
BU-BA-BU-BA
YOU, ME AND THIS HERE CRITTER ARE GONNA MAKE SOME WILD FLICKS!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS HARDWARE; YOU JUST DO YER STUFF... LESSEE ... BOUT 200 FRAMES PER SECOND!
CLIK CLIK
GO BABY!
BIIIRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
BU-BA BU-BA
WHEE
BU-BA BU-BA
BU-
BAH! BA-BA-
OH HIGH SPEED!
200 PER SEC

KRAK-TAKA-BOOM
EEEEK!
IT'S RAINING!
HURRY! GET THIS STUFF ON THE PORCH!
JARVIS! THAT DOOR!... IT JUST OPENED!

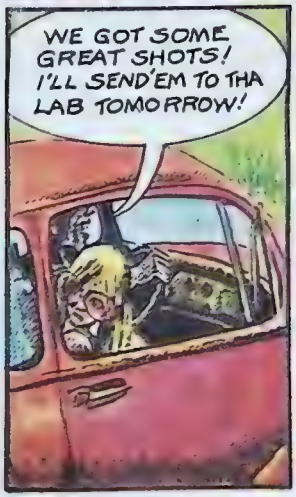
SQUEEK SKRIK
SKRIK SQUEEK
SKRIK-SKRIK
RUMBLEBUM
RUSTLE SHUM
KAKATOOM
?
KLUP
MMMMmm
°°°OOOOH!
SLURK
GLURG
JAAAARRRVISSS!
YAAAAAAAAA!
BLAMM
HARRVEY



OOHHH... MY HEAD!... WHAT HAPPENED?

WAS I DRUNK? ... MUSTA FELL. CRAP! LETS GET OUTTA HERE!

GRRRRRRR


WE GOT SOME GREAT SHOTS! I'LL SEND'EM TO THA LAB TOMORROW!

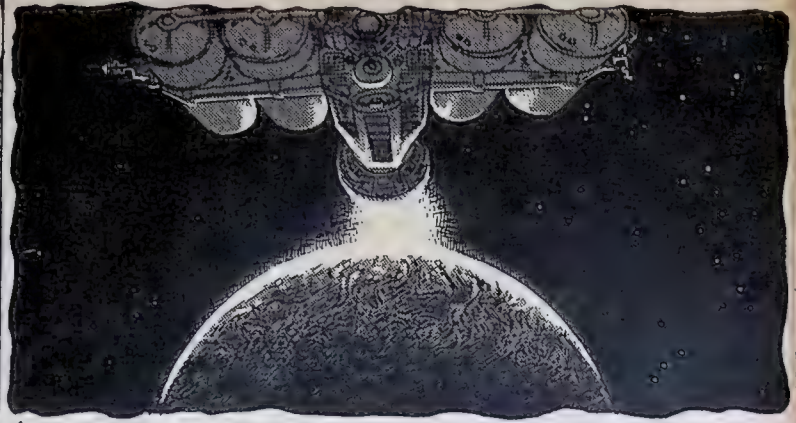
POOR OLE HORRIBLE, NOT MUCH OF A LOVE STORY FER HIM, WAS IT ?... WELL, IT'S NOT OVER YET!
HELLO! LET ME SPEAK TO ZARA; I GOT THE FILM BACK!... EH?.. NOT THERE?..... MOVED OUT?!!
NOW, WASN'T THAT WORTH WAITING FOR? (SIGH!)... BYE!
GORE '71

(Continued from page 34)

COME ON! BET ALL YOU CAN CARRY!
MAN! LOOK AT THAT, WOULDJA!
SSSSSSSSSSSSSS
PURPLE
GET AWAY FROM THERE! THAT STUFF MIGHT BE..
MMM
YAAARRRAGAAA

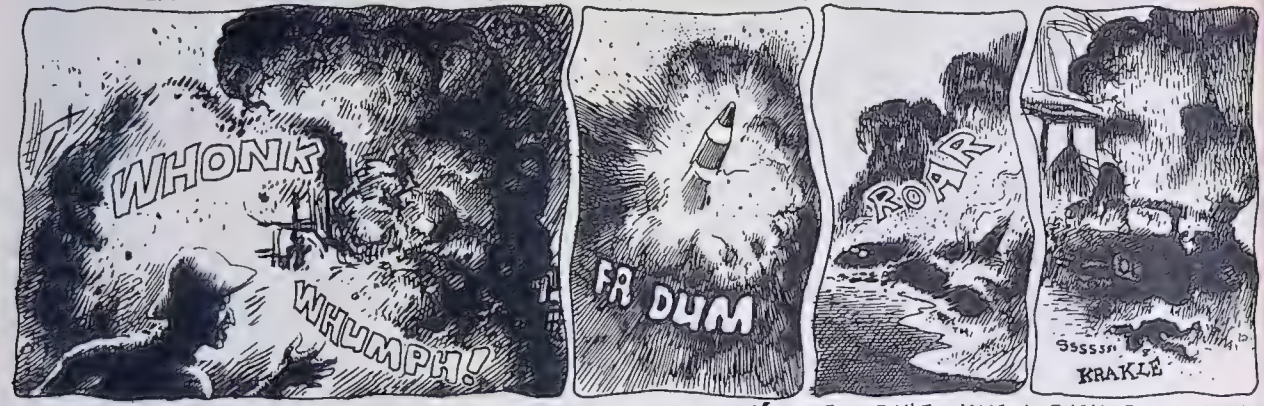
THIS CRAP ISN'T FIT FOR DOGS!
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT BACK FOR A REFUND?... DOGS? THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! YOU SMELL MORE LIKE A HORSE TO ME!

COMPARED TO THE GOONS, I GUESS WE WERE DOGS. BEFORE THEY CAME, WE HAD THINGS PRETTY MUCH OUR OWN WAY. WE WERE THE SMARTEST THINGS THERE WAS,... WE THOUGHT! WE WERE IN THE SPACE AGE, WEREN'T WE? ...EVEN MADE A FEW TRIPS TO THE MOON!! THAT DIDN'T HELP MUCH WHEN THEY PUT THEIR WARSHIPS IN ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH.



OUR SCIENTISTS, GENERALS, AND POLITICIANS KNEW WHEN THEY ARRIVED; BUT, WE DIDN'T START ANYTHING, IN CASE THEY WERE FRIENDLY. IT SEEMED LIKE THEY WERE UP THERE STUDYING US. NO RADIO MESSAGES CAME THROUGH. THEN THE FILLING STATIONS AND OIL REFINERIES STARTED BLOWIN UP!

COURSE WE KNEW THEY WAS DOIN IT, SO WE SENT MISSILES AFTER EM. I DONT THINK A SINGLE ONE HIT IT'S TARGET. THEY WERE TOO FAST OR TOO MANUEVERABLE. THEN THE MISSILES STARTED BLOWIN UP BEFORE WE COULD FIRE EM. TANKS, AIR PLANES, CARS, ANYTHING THAT HAD FLAMABLE CHEMICALS OR FUEL WENT UP.



WITH ALL OF THE GUNPOWDER GONE, WE FOUND OURSELVES PREPARED TO FIGHT THE ALIENS WITH ONLY KNIVES, BOWS AND ARROWS, CLUBS AND ROCKS. GOD WAS ON OUR SIDE. HOW COULD WE LOSE?

WE LOST!... WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE. IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THEY USED WEAPONS SIMILAR TO THE ONES WE USED TO HAVE. GUNS, BOMBS, GAS, ETC. OUR SURVIVORS RAN AND WERE HUNTED. THE GOONS DIDN'T HAVE A SINGLE CASUALTY.

A FEW OF US ESCAPED. MOST OF THE REMAINING PEOPLE WERE CAPTURED. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM; THEY WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

WITHIN A FEW MONTHS, ALL OF EARTH'S NATIVE CITIES HAD BEEN DESTROYED AND REPLACED BY THE GOONS STRUCTURES.

HANK, SHEP, AND I BARELY SURVIVED IN THE **FOREST** FOR NEARLY A YEAR. WE FOUND THE DYNAMITE IN A MINE SHACK. WHATEVER IT WAS THAT HAD CAUSED THE OTHER EXPLOSIVES TO FIRE, HAD APPARENTLY MISSED THIS SPOT.

ARE YOU SURE THAT'S YOUR DAUGHTER OUT THERE?
SHEP! DON'T SNEEK UP ON ME LIKE THAT! ... YES!... THAT'S MY DAUGHTER ANN ALRIGHT!
THERE'S SEVERAL PEOPLE DOWN THERE... WITH JUST A COUPLE OF GOONS WATCHIN EM. ... MAYBE WE COULD...
THAT'S ANNIE THERE... THEY'VE WANDERED AWAY FROM THE OTHERS... C'MON! LET'S GET A LITTLE CLOSER!
THEY'LL KETCHUS!
PLEASE SHEP! IT'S MY OWN LITTLE GIRL. WE GOTTA GET HER AWAY FROM THEM MONSTERS.
THEY'RE COMIN THIS WAY! GET DOWN!
HA,HA,HA!
THIS WAY!... COME THIS WAY ANNIE!
ANNIE!... IT'S ME! YER FATHER!

C'MON GIRL!.. RUN!!
WHA—?
DAD! OH DAD,... NO, I CAN'T! I MUST STAY WITH CHUBWAY; HE'S MY MASTER!
YES DADDY! I'M HIS!..STAY! ... STAY, AND HE'LL KEEP YOU TOO!... PLEASE!
I'LL BE DAMNED!...
I CAN'T BELIEVE...
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT IS NOW, DADDY,...
MY OWN DAUGHTER...
CHUBWAY IS SWEET AND WONDERFUL; HE WOULD LET YOU STAY!...
LIFE IS GOOD NOW, YOU'LL SEE...
HE'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY...
SMASH EM!
EEEEEEEEEEHH
KILL!
KUCH KRAK SMAK!
THUNK
ONE SMALL DEBT REPAID FOR MANKIND
HEH! HEH! HEH!
BOP

LOOK IT! HERE COME THE OTHER CAPTIVES!
AAAW (SOB) OOWW HE'S DEAD!
THEY SEE THAT WE'VE KILLED THE GOON! WE FREED 'EM!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH EM? THEY LOOK MAD! THERE'S THE OTHER GOON!
YA DANG FOOL! CAN'T YA SEE, WE SETCHA FREE! STAY BACK, OR I'LL BRAIN YA!
YAAAAA
HAUGH!
TWAK
STOPIT! YER KILLIN HIM!
KRAK
=GAK=
BOK
KRAK
STAR
HALF CRAZY WITH PAIN IN MY HEAD, I RAN. SHEP WAS DEAD; ANNIE HAD GONE OVER TO THE GOONS. THEY WOULD BE AFTER ME SOON...

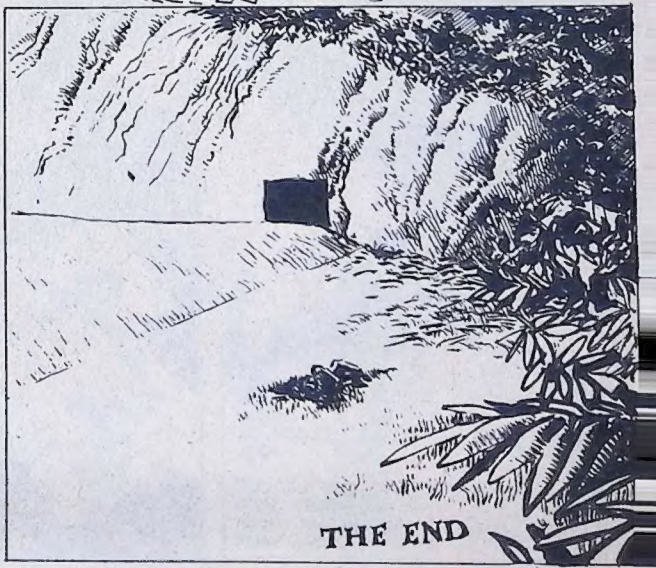
I RAN AWAYS. I STUMBLED; JEST ABOUT FAINTED. I DON'T KNOW WHERE I WAS.

I STUMBLED ON. THE HORRIBLE RINGING IN MY EARS...

... CHANGED TO A HOWL...

... THEN A ROAR...

THEM DAMNED GOONS!.. HIT BY A LOUSY TRUCK;... LIKE A MANGY, NO ACCOUNT... CUR!... DIDN'T HURT THOUGH... THEY CAN'T BEAT US... I CAN'T FEEL A THING... ZZZZ.....



passions

by John Workman ·1977

CARON SCOWLED WHEN SHE AND JENNY REACHED THE OLD-TIME RUINS. THE PRIEST WAS NOT YET THERE. THIS MEANT WASTED TIME WAITING FOR HIM.

IT MEANT, TOO, THAT CARON WOULD HAVE TIME TO THINK ABOUT THE LITTLE GIRL ...AND TO HOPE THE NUNS AT THE CONVENT WOULD SHOW SOME KINDNESS TOWARD THE CHILD.

CARON WOULD HAVE LIKED TO KEEP HER FOREVER.

BUT TIMES WERE HARD IN THE REPUBLIC OF PENN IN THE YEAR 321 AFTER THE YEARS OF CONFUSION AND CARON COULD BARELY FEED HERSELF, MUCH LESS A SMALL STRANGER SHE'D FOUND WANDERING IN THE WOODS.

THE CONVENT WAS THE ONLY ANSWER.

CARON'S REVERIE WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE APPROACH OF JON ARBIT...

...RICH, ECCENTRIC JON...

...TROTTING OUT OF THE WOODS WITH AN OLD-TIME BOOK IN EACH HAND.

ALTHOUGH HE HADN'T SEEN THEM IN WEEKS, JON OFFERED NO WORDS OF GREETING. HE HANDED CARON A BOOK AND KNELT TO SHOW JENNY THE OTHER ONE. WHILE THEY LOOKED AT ANCIENT PICTURES, CARON TOLD HIM WHY THEY WERE THERE. HE SMILED, STOOD, AND POINTED WESTWARD.

"THAT'S WHERE I FOUND THESE BOOKS," HE TOLD HER. FROM BEHIND THEM, SOMEONE SHOUTED THE WORD, "EVIL!"

IT WAS THE PRIEST, A GNARLED WALKING STICK IN HIS HAND. "THE OLD-TIME BOOKS," HE SNARLED, "ARE INHERENTLY EVIL. YOU KNOW THEY MUST BE EXORCISED...OR DESTROYED. THEY AROUSE... SINFUL PASSIONS."
"ONLY THOSE WHO ARE CLOSE TO GOD MAY FACE THOSE FOUL WORDS WITHOUT FALLING UNDER THEIR INFLUENCE...BECOMING SLAVES OF THESE TERRIBLE PASSIONS."
"I WILL TAKE THE BOOKS--AND THE CHILD--AND THEY WILL BE TESTED. THE BOOKS WILL PROBABLY BE BURNED... AS THE CERTAINTY OF HELL-FIRE WILL BURN AWAY THE CHILD'S SINFUL WAYS. SHE WILL BECOME A TRUE SUBJECT OF GOD."
LITTLE JENNY WAS SCARED BY THE MAN. SHE HID, BUT HIS DARK AND CRUEL EYES FOUND HER.
CARON TURNED AWAY AND WEPT AS THE PRIEST TOOK JENNY DOWN THE ROAD. SHE BEGAN TO REMEMBER HER OWN TIME SPENT IN AN ORPHANAGE.

JON ARBIT SMILED AND LED HER TOWARD THE WOODS. "WE'LL RETRIEVE JENNY TONIGHT," HE SAID SIMPLY. "WE CAN TRAVEL A LITTLE FARTHER WEST. WE'LL EXPLORE... HAVE FUN... READ LOTS OF BOOKS...AND LEAD LIVES OF PASSION."
"YES," SHE SAID.
HE BEGAN TO TAKE OFF HER CLOTHES.
"YES," SHE SAID.
THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF EDGAR PANGBORN.

Meat Loaf

BAT OUT OF HELL